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TO
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MAY, 1929 to AUGUST, 1929

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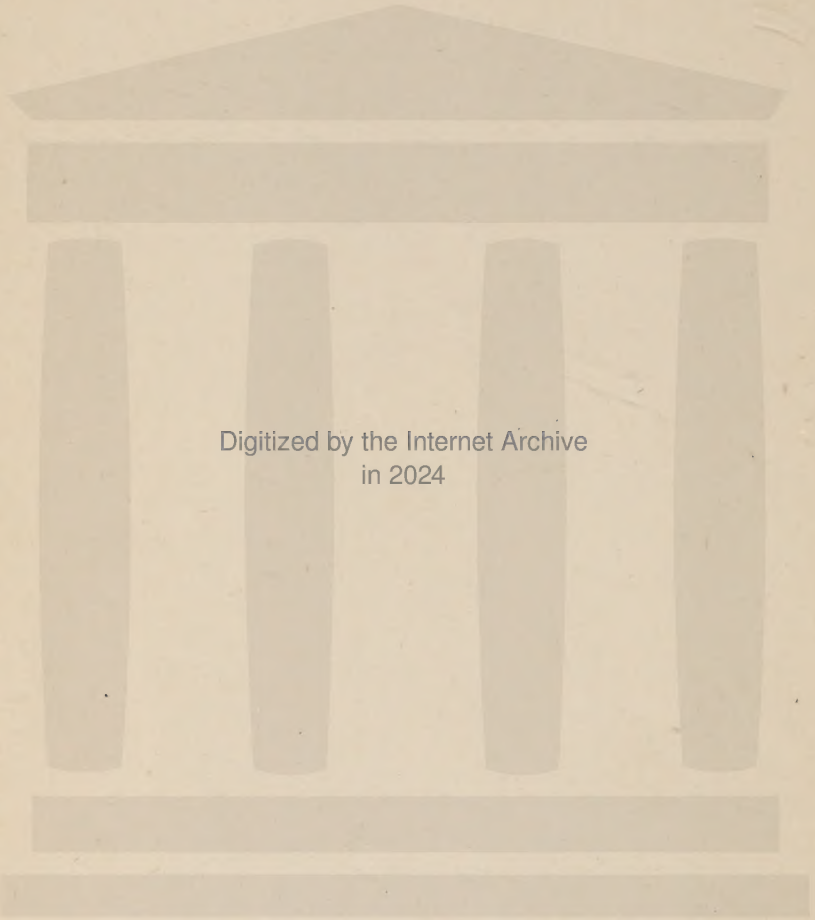

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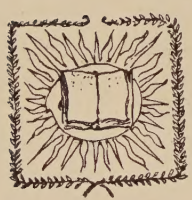

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PSYCHOTHERAPY

An Important Contribution to Medical Science

WILLIAM BROWN

IN considering the most important contributions of medical science to human life during recent years, one naturally thinks of the discovery of insulin for diabetes; liver extract for pernicious anemia; the various vitamines as important constituents of diet; ultra-violet and other forms of ray treatment for the stimulation of vital processes and for checking or destroying malignant and other growths. All these have been of the first importance in the alleviation of human suffering, and the building up of human strength and power to achieve.

But perhaps the most conspicuous of all recent developments and gifts of medical science to human life, has been the amazing development during the last few years of that branch of the science known as psychotherapy. This word means "mental methods of healing"—and these, as every one knows, are as old as the race itself. Modern methods have crystallized from the earlier ones of a more superstitious or religious sort. But a great advance has recently been made, along the lines of the method of analysis. To obtain a clearer understanding of this, we must first consider the nature of so-called "functional" disease.

Medicine deals with alterations of structure in the body under the influence of disease agencies such as bacteria, accident, mechanical interference or chemical change, and so forth. But accompanying this alteration of structure with which the physician has to deal, there is alteration of function—the various organs of the body do not work so satisfactorily as they otherwise would do. Now it is the function of the different parts of the body to put the physical organism into relation with its environment. And so in the various forms of disease—disease with alteration of structure—there is disturbance of adaptation of the individual to his environment; physical disturbance of physical adaptations.

When there is structural or "organic" disease of the stomach, a man cannot digest his food. Organic disease of the liver means that the chemical functions of the body dependent on the liver are not carried out satisfactorily. Organic disease of the kidneys means that the

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excretion of certain waste products is not carried out satisfactorily. Thus in physical medicine, accompanying any alteration of structure there is alteration of function; and it is this alteration of function which is the serious thing from the point of view of the individual's life.

Functional diseases of other organs of the body are ultimately associated with functional diseases of the nervous system. Actually it is the nervous system that we have to consider and to treat. In functional heart disease (disordered action), the nervous control of the heart is disturbed; similarly with other parts of the body.

The form of nervous illness which is most characteristic of functional nervous disease, is hysteria. There one may have every kind of disturbance of function—loss of sensation, loss of power of movement, loss of memory, alteration of emotional reaction, and so forth—without any demonstrable physical alteration occurring in the nervous system. Neurasthenia is another type of illness which is mainly disturbance of function, although it may also involve a more general physical disturbance—such as physical exhaustion—which needs to be taken into account. Finally, psychoasthenia, which is a general term covering phobias, impulsions, and other forms of obsession, is a form of mental disturbance which has no observable physical basis.

There is no alteration of function without alteration of structure. So-called structural or organic diseases were originally functional alterations of a reversible nature, that have gradually become irreversible in the course of evolution. Conversely, a functional illness like hysteria might, if not adequately treated, mean more and more irreversible changes of an organic nature, and in that way become fixed. But taken in its early stages, it is certainly curable.

It is so with most illnesses; taken in their early stages they are curable. Their physical substratum is plastic in nature; and with an altered regimen or rule of life, they may clear up. Much of the physical medicine of the future will be concerned with what is called prophylaxis—the preventing of illness, detecting illness in very early stages, and checking its further progress. It is possible that the most effective treatment of illness in any part of the body in early stages is similar to treatment of so-called functional nervous diseases in their very early stages.

In these functional nervous diseases—hysteria and neurasthenia—one characteristic is the susceptibility of the patient to suggestion. The symptoms are to a great extent the result of the acceptance by the individual of bad suggestion—pathogenic or morbid suggestion. It is most obvious in the case of hysteria, and it is fairly clear in neurasthenia, where the person, run down with no specific physical disease, begins to worry, and becomes preoccupied with the difficulties of his life. Then the various organs of his body begin to work unsatisfactorily, his stomach gives him trouble, and other parts of the body do not function so satisfactorily. He notices this and becomes preoccupied with it. That preoccupation tends to disturb the function still more, making it instead of a momentary disturbance, a habit, an habitual disturbance; so that

the individual becomes a chronic dyspeptic. Even as regards the heart's action, he can become disturbed. It may behave irregularly through fear of anxiety, and that irregularity of rhythm may persist as a habit. These symptoms can arise in the case of a neurasthenic through the influence of bad self-suggestion. In the case of the hysteric, the working of the suggestion is very much more obvious. The idea of paralysis will bring about paralysis. The idea or thought that a person cannot remember, will bring about loss of memory. And so with other mental powers.

As regards the causation and cure of functional nervous disease the simplest mechanism we can assume is the mechanism of suggestion. The symptoms of the illness arise through the acceptance of bad suggestions, and the cure seems to be a mere reversing of the process. Functional nerve illness is caused by bad self-suggestion, and can be cured by good suggestion. One drives out one nail, so to speak, by knocking in another.

That, although true as far as it goes, is a very superficial view of suggestion. The further question at once arises: Why did this individual succumb to these bad suggestions while other individuals resisted and did not succumb? One reason may be that the man is run down, not in good health. But that alone would not explain the result, because not all who have overworked and are in a state of extreme exhaustion suffer from functional nervous illness. A second possible factor is the explanation that the man has a predisposition to this kind of illness. But these are very general factors. More specific factors, more important causes which can be more directly dealt with, are memories of incidents in his own past life, mental tendencies and conflict of tendencies dating from early years. His mind is predisposed, prepared to respond to bad suggestions, because of various tendencies in his mind, and of the after-effects of various infantile experiences.

If we take the simple case of a person suffering from paralysis of the lower limbs through shell-fire, we find this illustrated. A man was guarding an ammunition dump; a German aëroplane dropped bombs near him, and one burst fairly close, throwing up fragments of earth which struck him in the back as he was beginning to run away. He stumbled and fell. He was in a panic, his knees were trembling, his legs felt weak, and to crown all, he found himself hit in the back by what he thought was a fragment of shell.

Down he goes. He tries to rise, and finds he can't. His legs, he thinks, are paralyzed. He can't move. He has to drag himself along till the stretcher-bearer picks him up. He is brought to my hospital in this state. I examine him and find that there is no evidence of organic nervous disease or muscular trouble. I tell him that he will be able to walk if he really believes that he can. I get him out of bed and drag him up and down the ward, speaking very urgently to him, sympathetically but very firmly. Within a minute or two he is walking. His recovery becomes complete.

An explanation of his case might be that while running away and

being hit by this fragment of earth, the thought passes through his mind, "Now I am seriously injured." His legs feel weak through fear. He stumbles and falls, hit in the back. He thinks subconsciously, "Now I am paralyzed." He finds for the moment that he is paralyzed; the thought passes through his mind, "This is paralysis. I am seriously injured by that fragment of shell. I shan't get back the use of my legs."

But there is another factor at work. His mind is in a state that will readily respond to this idea of paralysis, because subconsciously he has an intense desire to get out of the firing-line—to get a "Blighty" wound. All soldiers had that desire, but they hoped they would do their duty; they would only leave the line if seriously injured. Consciously, this man too wishes to leave the line with honor. But subconsciously there is a more urgent wish to get out of the line *at all costs*. Under the influence of the stress and strain of war and this functional injury, the subconscious wish to get away at all costs has a chance of realizing itself. It rises up and joins forces with the idea of paralysis. Under strong persuasion, after he is told there is no organic injury, the paralysis clears up.

In such a case as that, which is the simplest case I can take of functional trouble, the mere treatment by suggestion and persuasion is not fully adequate. There is not only the acceptance of bad suggestion, but there is the reason for that acceptance—namely, the subconscious or unconscious desire to get away from the firing-line at all costs. It is not sufficient to give the patient a good suggestion. It is also important to make him realize the situation. It is important to get him to admit it to himself. If one succeeds in doing that, the recovery is more nearly permanent. If not, he is better for the time being, but may relapse later on. The alteration cannot be entirely explained in terms of suggestion, there must be brought in the conception of *the unconscious motive*, *desire* or *wish*.

Fear is of the nature of a wish. It is the obverse of a wish, namely the wish for safety. But in many cases of functional nervous illness, the matter is still more complex. The mind is divided against itself. The individual is in a state of mental conflict, and sometimes the onset of the symptoms is a final compromise instead of being a permanent solution of the conflict. One part of the individual's mind is at war with another part, and the problem is apparently insoluble, and so the conflict is brought to an end—not by thrashing it out, but by this compromise of falling ill.

Even in these simple shell-shock cases, we see that on one side is the sense of duty to comrades and to country, and on the other side this intense desire for personal safety. The two are not on the same level as regards either their moral or their psychological importance. The sense of duty is fully conscious. The blind urge to get away from danger is partly subconscious. It is because these two sets of wishes are not on the same level that such a solution as the onset of symptoms, can present itself. If the sets of mental tendencies are on the same level, either the individual gets into an alter-

nating state where he is dominated sometimes by the one and sometimes by the other; or he is forced to work the matter out to its conclusion. Functional illness is a result of inadequate solution of the conflict.

So we have such a definition as that of Freud: that hysterical symptoms are a compromise formation satisfying two distinct wishes or sets of wishes, one wish or set of wishes in the unconscious and the other wish or set of wishes in the conscious mind. They are usually in the nature of a self-punishment. Subconscious wishes are of a primitive nature, which if given full scope would bring the individual primitive pleasure, though they would come up against more highly developed tendencies of the mind. Instead of arousing pleasure, if they were satisfied they would arouse pain—the more highly developed part of the mind would be outraged. So symptoms arise. Symptoms are an outlet for repressed primitive tendencies, and also serve as a self-punishment for the more highly developed part of the mind which is conscious.

But underlying the symptoms there is a state of mind which is in itself abnormal. We have to investigate that, and such investigation is always of the nature of prolonged interviews with the patient. Thus the radical method of treatment in psychotherapy must be in the form of analysis, and it must be prolonged analysis. It is of the nature of a very detailed investigation into the patient's past history.

This investigation is carried out for an hour at a time. The patient is told to lie on a couch with his eyes closed, his muscles relaxed, and to put aside any tendency to withhold information or to criticize and reject thoughts and memories rising to his mind. The physician sits out of sight, either at the head of the couch or, as I prefer, just beside a screen put round the head of the couch. The patient in severe cases of nerve trouble comes to the doctor three or four times a week for many weeks and months. For a complete discovery of the underlying causes in a severe case of psychoneurosis, a very great number of hours would be necessary. On the other hand such extended time is not always required in merely producing a cure. The patient can become well and keep well without fully understanding how his symptoms arose, and without the physician becoming fully aware either. In such cases the patient is still somewhat susceptible to further illness. He may break down under similar conditions. In a complete cure, the patient becomes fully aware of how his illness arose, and is immune from future attacks.

Freud invented the method of psychoanalysis which I am describing, but he has used the word psychoanalysis to refer also to the theory that he is working out—a very complicated theory. Adler has a different theory and Jung has his slightly different method. I contend that we should distinguish the method from the theory, and that it is possible to work out a general theory which allows for the fundamental explanations of these different schools of thought. I call the method "deep analysis," because it is analysis of the depths of the mind, of earlier or more primitive tend-

encies. I avoid the term psychoanalysis, because it has become so inextricably associated with the special school of thought of the Freudians. We need a more general name to refer to a more general method.

The method of deep analysis is the method of investigating the patient's mind as fully as possible, especially his past history and his fundamental mental tendencies, getting him to talk things out more and more fully, to allow what was previously unconscious to come up again into consciousness. So the battle, the mental conflict that was previously between conscious tendencies on the one side and unconscious tendencies on the other, now becomes a conflict on the conscious plane, a conflict which is capable of solution. In the course of treatment one finds that more and more comes up into consciousness from the unconscious; and in the process the individual becomes more and more in control of his mind, and his mind becomes more unified, and recovery may take place.

It was through the method of psychoanalysis that Freud came to form the idea or conception of repression. Freud discovered that if he encouraged a patient suffering from psychoneurosis to talk out his life in great detail, for an hour at a time in a state of passive reverie, along the lines of so-called free association (which means saying whatever comes into his mind), at certain points in the analysis the patient became hung up, and either nothing came into his mind to say, or he remained silent in the presence of the physician. At certain points in the analysis, difficulty arises. What is observed is resistance on the part of the patient's mind, if not conscious then unconscious, in the carrying out of the method. The patient has promised at the beginning that he will faithfully carry out the method, but he finds that he is unable to do so, and becomes silent, sometimes because he does not care to tell the analyst what is there, and sometimes because nothing occurs. In either case there is what may be called a resistance; and the duty of the physician is to urge the patient to go on talking, promising him that something will come.

Freud observed that what came to the patient's mind on these occasions was generally something of special importance in relation to the symptoms. He saw that it was resistance, either conscious or unconscious, and he inferred from that that there was repression. He thus built up his view of mental conflict and repression as the cause of psychoneurotic symptoms, the patient's personality being at war with certain fundamental and instinctive tendencies, and dealing with them inadequately by the mechanism of repression. Repression is unconscious. It is not that tendencies have come into the patient's mind and he has rejected them, rather they have been rejected before reaching consciousness. The censorship is there to bar their way, and to prevent them reaching consciousness.

Freud's modern view of the censorship is that it is identical with the ego-ideal or super-ego. In earlier years the child has formed an ideal of personality—of his ego—on the pattern of his father or some person

connected with him, and that ego-ideal itself acts as a resistance and is responsible for repression. All this goes on in the unconscious.

Freud's theory of psychoanalysis is based on a special theory of the working of the sex instinct in mental development. In his earlier cases, he was struck with the great frequency with which neurotic disturbances were of a sex nature; and he proceeded to extend the sex explanation over a wider and wider area, using it to explain cases that seemed, on the face of them, to be anything but sexual in origin. He uses the term sex in a very wide sense, and at the present time he envisages the situation in any form of psychoneurosis as a conflict between the ego instincts and the sex instincts. He considers psychoneurosis to be the result of failure of adequate solution in such conflict.

Freud's view is that as analysis is carried out in detail, sooner or later we come on the sex motive. Our own theory is much wider—that besides sex instincts many other fundamental instincts may be responsible for the production of nervous symptoms. The instinct of self-preservation, with its emotion of fear; the instinct of self-assertion with its emotion of self-esteem; the gregarious instinct, with its corresponding emotion of satisfaction or loneliness —these instincts are just as primitive as the sex instinct, and may play their part in the formation of symptoms.

Those who work at psychotherapy, endeavoring to help patients on the mental side, are all impressed by the apparent frequency with which perversion and inversion of sex activity occur. This general problem Freud explains in a special way. I would suggest a rather different theory. I think that originally many of these patients are not nearly so abnormal as they seem to be, but that through chance occurrences, chance experiences, the individual life may be disturbed. One finds that through friendships formed in early life, the instinct may become inverted—that is, directed toward the same sex—not because there is any hereditary tendency that way, but simply through force of circumstances.

It is an important problem in social psychology to consider all the various factors that make for psychological disturbance of the sex instinct. When one rejects Freud's theory, it is not that one underestimates the importance of these disturbances. One feels that there should be much more general knowledge about the subject; so that parents may be able to help their children, to watch over them, and save them from unfortunate experiences, or early neutralize the after-effects of such experience. Some of the crimes committed, partly unwittingly, by nurses and others toward young children, are almost unbelievable. In the analysis of patients, the physician discovers and has to deal with the results of such criminal carelessness.

The sex instinct is easily disturbed. Even if one does not say with Freud that it is invariably the disturbance of this instinct that causes nervousness, one does find that where there is nervousness there tends to be, as a result if not as a cause, a disturbance of this order.

Disturbance in education, in the upbringing of young children, a disturbance in the child's emotional life, can easily interfere with the working of this instinct, and if it is pushed off the main path it tends to go on developing in the wrong direction, and to get more and more fixed. Why? Because development of this particular instinct along the normal path is beset with all sorts of difficulties, economic, social, and so on. Control is needed, and has to be very strong; and instead of control, repression can very easily set in.

There is this general problem that we have to consider—the conflict between the sex instinct and the rest of the mind. We have to remember that in this particular instinct, development can be easily disturbed by accidental experiences of one kind or another, even of experiences that seem to have nothing to do with sex; so that knowledge of the psychology of the sex instinct is of the utmost importance to educationists. One need not be a Freudian—that is, accept the Freudian doctrine in its entirety—to adopt such a position.

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At different periods in the history of civilization, we find these sex difficulties becoming specially apparent. We see signs of this in modern European civilization since the war. There seems to be very much more disturbance of the development of this instinct than there was twenty years ago. And if it is so—and I feel from my own experience that it is so—it is a serious problem to be faced and dealt with. The sad part about it is that so many people think fatalistically that it cannot be avoided, and cannot be helped. It *can* be helped. If you go into the patient's history at his private or public school, or even later, you see how it arose; and also how patient after patient will get it into his mind that he is abnormal, and be proud of it, and may even think it a sign of genius.

I had a case of that nature, in which the patient under analysis at first thought he was such and such a type of person. Later on in the analysis he was less sure about this. Now he is quite convinced that deep down he was normal, and that it was his fancy and imagination which had been led astray by false ideas, and that in rather an obsessive way he had let his sex feelings follow them, producing conflicts that were purely fictitious. His ultimate symptom was agoraphobia, a fear of crossing a wide space; he could not walk unaccompanied, and always had to go about in taxis. By working off his fantasies, the symptom disappeared. These cases all fit the same general explanation, only the details are varied. I quote this one simply to emphasize the spuriousness, the artificiality of the apparent abnormality. And if individuals were encouraged to take tutors and schoolmasters into their confidence, to go to doctors and talk these things out early, they could be saved from a very great deal of serious mental suffering.

This must suffice for the part played by the sex instinct in mental conflicts and repressions. There are so many cases of psychoneurosis due to sex disturbance that we can understand how it has become so popular as a theory of functional nervousness, why there are so many people who are enthusiastic Freudi-

ans, and why Freud himself thinks he can make it apply to all diseases of mental origin. But there is plenty of evidence that besides this instinct there are others which will produce symptoms. I have already referred to the large number of cases of shell-shock during the war, in which the chief factor was the over-stimulation of the instinct of self-preservation, and the stress of mind entailed in attempting to face danger without running away. Many shell-shock cases were due of course to direct physical causes, but a certain percentage of hysterical cases were due to this repressed desire for safety.

The instinct of self-assertion may also play a part in producing symptoms. The individual finds himself unable to face reality adequately, unable to satisfy himself, to do as well as he would like to do, or ought to do. Yet it is intolerable for him to lose his self-respect, and so instead of that he becomes ill. His feeling of inadequacy is changed into a feeling of illness. Thus before an examination, he may think for a moment that he is unable to answer the questions, and promptly have a bad headache. He may fall ill before an examination because, subconsciously, he has a feeling of inadequacy to the situation which he does not like to admit even to himself. It is better for him to face the situation and recognize it. If he does so, the symptom disappears, and he is much more able to do himself credit.

Then again, much functional illness may be due to a desire for sympathy and consideration from others, a desire which is unconscious. As far as the desire is conscious, it expresses itself in depression and general reproachfulness. It is the extent to which it is conscious or unwitting or not clear to the patient himself, that is the foundation of hysterical symptoms. We find many symptoms of that nature.

Finally, there are symptoms based on the gregarious instinct. Epidemics sometimes illustrate this. In some cases people fall ill in order to be in fashion. One often finds that people who succumb to epidemics are people who must be in the swim. Whatever the special interest of the moment, they follow that interest; and so if there is an illness sweeping the country, they suffer from that illness. It may be rightly objected that this is a question of germs, but there is also the question of resistance; resistance is often diminished through the working of the gregarious instinct, and more frequently through the feeling of fear. In other cases you have a number of these instincts working together. In a complicated case you may be able to analyze the influence of the two classes of instincts, sex on the one side, and the instincts of self-preservation, self-assertion, gregariousness, on the other.

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On the basis of this doctrine of repression, Freud has built up his theory of the unconscious. His theory is not accepted by all psychoanalysts. C. G. Jung does not accept Freud's distinction between the preconscious and the unconscious. Jung makes a distinction between the personal unconscious and the collective unconscious. The personal unconscious consists of those mental tendencies and memories derived from the individual's past life, the collective unconscious comprise those

derived from the race. Adler, again, does not use the conception of the unconscious state. He thinks simply in terms of the nervous system and of conscious mental activity. He holds that many forms of psychoneurosis, even when apparently of sexual nature, are not sexual in origin, but are derived from the working of the instinct of self-assertion, or the "power instinct." Adler also contends that instead of the prolonged analysis held by the Freudians to be necessary for most forms of psychoneurosis, a considerable number of patients may be cured in a very few hours—in conversation helping the patient to realize where he went wrong in the past, how he deviated from his true *life-line*—to see how far the course of his mental development has been disturbed through an excessive desire for safety, an excessive fear for himself and his reputation. Such a patient taking these remarks to heart and altering the plan of his life with reference to them, gradually finds himself relieved of his symptoms.

Our duty no doubt is to suspend judgment at present on all these matters. We can only come to conclusions on the basis of experience. We need to see cases analyzed by different methods, and then compare the results obtained. What we do find is that sometimes patients after continuing analysis with one type of physician for a long time without result, may show great improvement under a different line of treatment. Sometimes a person analyzed by a Jungian makes no progress, and the case is cleared up by a Freudian, or vice versa. Sometimes both analyses have been tried without result, and then the Adler process may succeed. The moral is, that the truest theory is probably that which has the widest scope, which is willing to allow for all the workings of the various primitive instincts, and is not too ready to reduce them to one. Ultimately no doubt all instinctive tendencies must be reduced to one fundamental life tendency. The science of psychology has by no means advanced that far. Much of Freud's theorizing is an attempt to reduce a number of ultimate factors (that is, ultimate for present knowledge) to one or two.

Finally there is the question of synthesis. Some people think that they are merely stating a truism when they say that psychosynthesis is necessary as well as psychoanalysis. But psychoanalysis is not merely analysis. In itself it involves synthesis. The patient tells you his past life, and at the same time a change is occurring, and the parts of his mind that become (metaphorically speaking) separated from one another, join up again in a new configuration. So that the mind under analysis is rather like water. If you cut water, you find the two sides come together again. What may often happen is that in the course of the analysis the person gets nearer to his true self and sees what his fundamental interests in life are. He may have been following interests that are not natural to him, he may have been led astray by accident. But now, knowing what his real desires are, he is still left with the difficulty of deciding how to follow them up and adapt them to social demands. For this he needs a philosophy of life.

The symptom is a sign of failure of adaptation. The sufferer has failed

to adapt himself to the demands of life, and develops a psychoneurosis instead. He has for years perhaps avoided his duties in certain directions. He now finds it necessary to consider exactly what his duties are. In analysis the symptoms disappear, he becomes more aware of the demands life makes upon him, and he needs some sort of theory of life to decide how far he may be expected to meet those demands. He needs some sort of faith, and he may turn to the analyst for that. It would seem that he is right in doing so.

Freudians consider that the work of the psychoanalyst is completed when the analysis is carried through, and the patient sees himself as he is. The patient is to be left to himself to make his arrangements henceforth in life. The other extreme is to say that the physician should make the decision for him, and tell him what he has to do. That seems just as bad as the Freudian attitude. But there is a middle position, a Socratic investigation of the situation, leading the patient to better understand himself (autognosis), in which he is encouraged to talk out the general problems of his life, to think out for himself all the different alternatives, to bring arguments for and against, and so eventually to make his decision for himself.

Nevertheless, the physician has helped him all the time. The patient could not have done it without the help of some one. This is an important part of psychotherapeutic treatment. It is not psychosynthesis. It is an educative process of reconstruction, helping the patient to build up a general philosophy of life. Every one should have, and does have, a philosophy of life; but it is often inchoate and not clearly conscious. It is a great advance for any one to become psychoanalyzed, because he can reconstruct his philosophy of life, change it from vague instinct or convention into a clear-cut philosophy. The process is a form of Socratic reasoning, very much more thorough than Socrates himself was able to use two thousand years ago, but the same type of thing.

Finally, one should also emphasize the gradual increase of self-knowledge that is obtained, and the alteration in emotional values that occurs. Gradually, from week to week and from month to month, the patient can report a change in his general emotional attitude toward life. The result is of the nature of a drawing-off of emotion. The patient becomes less emotional as a result. Some special cases may be found to become more emotional, but they are usually not really suitable cases, being on the border-line of very severe nervous breakdown. Most normal people would find in analysis that they would become less emotional without losing actual force.

Take a special instinct like the instinct of escape. In the process of analysis, the fear becomes less and less, but the instinct of escape remains quite as effective as before. The analysis seems to be educative not only of a person's intellect and reaction to life at higher levels, but seems to be educative of the various primitive instincts themselves. They become more manageable, and less under the influence of fear of failure. That may be an alteration not of the

instinct itself, but an alteration of the controlling factors, the higher forces of the mind which adjust the working of the instinct in special circumstances that control its reaction. The actual talking out of one's earlier fears and experiences seems to diminish the general tendency to fear.

Similarly with anger, the process of talking it out has a most pronounced effect, not only bringing the emotional tendency more under control, but eventually making it disappear altogether. The result is an alteration of one's whole system of personal values. So many of one's values before were closely linked up with the physical self, and with childish conceptions of life. Now, as soon as that path is closed, the values have to look elsewhere for their support, and may find it in a more general, impersonal and genuinely spiritual attitude toward life. The personality becomes more and more freed from "fixating" upon past experiences, from the tendency to "regress" to earlier and more infantile attitudes of mind in the face of difficulty, from "compensations" and other forms of self-deception. It thus becomes more capable of true religious experience—the experience of personal relationship with a personal or super-personal God.

At the Lift of the Dark Baton

May Lewis

Never will I look at death with defiance,
Nor with fear;
I shall yield to him as I would to music and to dancing,
Knowing a new rhythm near.

A changing of rhythm is all that will be asked;
Gently to cease
The brittle gesture—the sound—and to glide over into
The vast motion of peace.

England and the Russian Revolution

The Attitude of the Ruling Class in the Present Situation

Sir Charles Trevelyan

The English ruling class, inspired by Burke, tried to destroy the French Revolution a hundred and forty years ago by force of arms. They failed, and they created Napoleon.

In 1920 the English ruling class, inspired by Winston Churchill, tried to destroy the Russian Revolution by force of arms. Again they failed. Partly our people were too tired by war, partly the war against the one workers' government in the world began to be too dangerous in a country where the rising force was Socialism. But though the direct attack has petered out, the upper-class hatred of Soviet Russia persists. No good word is ever heard or written for Russia in Conservative circles. Howls of contempt and derision greet anything but abuse of Russia in the House of Commons. The present Government never thought of treating the Russian Government with correctness. It was treated as an outlaw. Sir Austen Chamberlain made charges which he refused to substantiate or discuss. And finally with an unprecedented exhibition of police violence they turned the Russian Representatives out of England neck and crop. So far they played the game as the most extreme anti-Bolsheviks wanted to see it played. It is probably not the case that Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain want war with Russia. But they have done everything to excite national hostility and have given the world outside Britain to believe that they are moving toward war.

The challenge has unfortunately but not unnaturally been taken up in Russia. The Soviet Government professes to believe that the British Government is preparing to attack them and a widespread popular campaign has been promoted in Russia to popularize the belief.

No one can well deny that the attitude of the ruling class in Britain toward Russia is the most menacing thing in world politics.

Matters would be much worse if it were not for the conscious determination of the Labor Party to prevent war and to restore friendly relations with Russia on the first opportunity.

It is not that Labor opinion is uniformly enthusiastic about the Soviet Government. Opinions in the Labor Party vary from unmeasured eulogy of the Russian revolution to a severely critical attitude. The belief that British Socialism is likely to imitate or be seriously inflamed by Russian Bolshevism exists chiefly in the minds of British aristocrats

and the insignificant Communist sections in Britain. The leaders of Labor opinion in Britain are interested in Russia and determined to be friendly. But there is so little similarity in the economic circumstances of the two countries that the course of change in one cannot take on the form of the revolution in the other. When the British make their revolution in economic and industrial conditions they will carry it through, as they did all their political revolutions, with singularly little consideration of foreign revolution. We became a democracy in spite of our wars against French democracy.

When our democracy came it was in a form hardly reflecting any of the features of the French Revolution. The economic democracy which is maturing in Britain to-day does not concern itself with Russia. It is not Russia who is disposing millions to socialism in Britain. It is the British mine-owners.

But in the thinking political section of the British working class there is a real appreciation of the Russian situation which survives all the distortion of the capitalist press. The Russians are seen to be making a splendid experiment, and to be slowly raising their country out of the utter ruin in which the war had plunged their society. There are certain main factors about the Russian situation which are generally realized by those whose prepossession is not "anti-red."

In the first place, we realize that Russia is a potentially pacific power. Our dominant class in England refuse to recognize this, because it does not square with their conception of Bolshevik policy. Because some Soviet leaders still spread the coming of a world revolution, it is assumed that the Russian people may begin any day to enforce revolution by arms.

The Red Army is indeed a formidable organization. It has been welded into efficiency by the ordeal of defense against the White Legions; it is more highly educated than any other army, and is part of the life of the working class, from whom both officers and rank and file are drawn. For that very reason it is very little of a militarist danger, because of its close association with the Russian people, who are bent on peace.

From the very first, Western politicians have failed to understand that the great war created a passion for peace in Russia. I remember well Lloyd George explaining to me during the war that the Russian revolution would mean a new passionate crusade by emancipated Russia against German imperialism. On that assumption, Kerenski was spurred on by the Allies to make the advance which broke him. The fact was that, with their eight million dead and wounded, the Russians were sick of all imperialism, British and French, as well as German, and still more sick of war. The Bolsheviks alone felt this, and therefore the Bolsheviks superseded Kerenski, who had but himself to blame for the continued butchery.

Nor did the three more years of misery, starvation and killing engineered by Winston Churchill do other than increase the deep horror of war in Russia. There has never been the least chance of a great revolutionary, expansionist crusade

from Russia, such as began in France in 1792. There was never any danger of Trotski becoming a new Napoleon. This ought to be becoming clear now to the whole world, when Trotski and Zinoviev have been thrust from their positions of power in the Government and authority in the Communist organization into disgrace and exile.

If further proof is wanted of the pacific tendencies of the Workers' Republics it is worth considering the rapid reductions of recent years in the Russian armies. Until two years ago we were saying truly that, in spite of the war to end war, there were more armed men in Europe than before the war began. A compulsorily disarmed central Europe was encompassed by nations that spent more on armaments and kept more of their population in their armies than before the greatest army had been reduced to the dimensions of a police force. In the last two years however the numbers have fallen a little below the pre-war level. It is not because of the Western nations. For Britain, France, Belgium, Spain and Italy remain fully armed. It is mainly Russia that has been reducing her armies. The reductions have been as follows:

1920	5,300,000 men
1922	800,000 men
1924	610,000 men
1926	562,000 men

Having given this decisive earnest of her tendency, it is not possible to wave aside as insincere the expressions of the Soviet Government in favor of universal disarmament. No doubt the offer of the Soviet Government to disarm if the other nations of the world would disarm, was a gesture to which they did not expect a friendly response at once. The Western Governments do not want disarmament. The force of the Coolidge Conference had just been played. Naval experts for Britain and naval experts for the United States had staked out their claims. There was no disarmaments discussion at all. Only the size of armaments was discussed on the basic assumption that naval preparation alone afforded national security. The British proposals actually entailed a potential increase of the British navy of 200,000 tons. Of course therefore the Coolidge Conference failed. And it was beginning to be apparent that conducted on the same lines, the Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations was doomed to the same result. Into this atmosphere of unreality, militarism and skepticism, the Russian proposal for real disarmament blew like a charge of wind on a fog. Disarmament became again the question for the world. It is no use saying that the single step proposed by the Russians is impossible. The question is whether the end they seek is impossible. A disarmament conference now dare not end in a militarist fog like the Coolidge Conference. Russia will have forced a discussion of disarmament short of completeness, however distasteful anything so real and generous may be to the present rulers of the big Western nations. The League of Nations for the sake of self-preservation has got to offer something worth having to an expectant world. Before the intervention of Russia, experts and diplomatists were busied in creating a cloud

of verbiage about disarmament, ratios, standards, parity, categories of ships, and it produced a situation which was incomprehensible to the public and where no general principle of action could make any advance. The merit of the Russian proposals was their simplicity. They brought the world back to the question of whether the Governments intend to disarm. They clearly do not as at present constituted. But whenever there is a Labor Government in Britain it will know that it can rely on a new organic force for peace. There is inevitable a new alinement of nations among those which make the attainment of security and disarmament a principal policy. This common object is bound to draw Britain and Russia nearer together in the future.

I have already said that the great economic changes which are impending in this generation in Britain will be carried through in a British way, influenced in a very meager degree by the Russian example. We are unaffected by the Russian Revolution because all the conditions precedent are dissimilar. But the British working class, neither swallowing the false detraction of the press nor taking the Communists at their own high valuation, are interested in Russia. They see how vast the experiment of the rule by the workers is and how mighty the transformation from the Czarist régime. No single thing has done so much to make the workers of the two countries understand one another as the great subscriptions in aid of the British miners by the Russian workers during the coal stoppage of 1926. The Conservative elements in Britain were furious. It, probably more than anything else, caused the expulsion of the Russian delegation from Britain. It appeared to our rulers to be a plot by the Soviet Government. They have constructed for themselves a picture of a Russia under the heel of an oligarchical tyranny which orders every action. The conception of people sympathizing with people has not entered their minds. Just as they have never been able to understand the profound indignation of the British working classes at the crime of supporting Kolchak and Denikin, they were unable to conceive of a Moscow worker or a Russian miner giving willingly out of his small earnings to help the British miner to maintain his standards. Yet nothing is more certain than that the support of the British miners was provided with enthusiasm and that in many places more money was given than the official suggestion made by the Russian Trade Union Council. The noble gift of one set of workers to another has sunk deep into the hearts of the British working class. It is bound to bear fruit in better relations between the Governments of the two countries when Labor comes to its own in Government.

It is often interesting in history to observe how much juster in his estimates of great events and their real significance is the humble worker than the trained intellectual or cultivated politician. Once Britain and the United States stood on the verge of war with one another in the most fateful hour of the destiny of the great republic. The ruling classes of England were all for the South and

demanded the recognition of the South and were rejoicing in the almost certain war which would ensue with the Yankees. What was it saved our nation from that immense disaster? It was that the artisans of Lancashire, who were actually workless and starving because of the Northern blockade of the cotton States, knew better than their rulers and had seen that the North was fighting the slave owners and a system of slavery. So, led by John Bright, they raised a protest which prevented our Government plunging into war. So with Russia, the British workers have seen past the White propaganda and capital's new representations, to the Russian people as they are. They rejoice that they are succeeding in winning through. They don't care to judge them. It is for Russians to say how Russians want to be governed.

The relations of Britain and Russia are for another reason fundamentally vital to the peace of the world. The interests and even boundaries of the two great organizations touch all over Asia. In Mesopotamia, Persia, and China and above all in India, Britain has her destiny to work out. Official British opinion dreads the future, in which Britain must more or less rapidly substitute friendly guidance for the domination of a ruling race. The great transformation is not impossible for us, though it is hard to find the historical precedent for an imperial race momentarily ceding its privileges and becoming the adviser of those whom it once commanded. But there are many who think that in India and China we shall end by working out this miracle.

If we do not we are likely to collide with Russia. One thing the Soviet Government has certainly done, that is, to create cultural autonomy and racial freedom of development for the vast variety of peoples within the republics. Freedom in Asia is identified with Russia. The clumsy assertion of it in uncongenial forms may lead to the repudiation for a time of Russian help as in China at the moment. But nationhood in Asia looks to Russia. Britain by the accident of her imperial position cannot there be the patron of new freedoms. They can only concede them. So difficult a future of that great continent can only be worked out, without conflict, if there are determined forces in both countries that are intent on making our two peoples understand one another.

The Woman Who Never Was

Yet It Was She Who Set the Switch

Louise Lambertson

They told me, sir, that you are the one who can get me out of this place. Five years it is that I've been here; and that's too long for a sane man. Oh! I have told my story to other doctors before you, and they did not believe me; but I can see you are different, sir; more understanding.

I'm not complaining of the way I've been treated here. They have been good to me, after their fashion; but it's not like being free to come and go; and all the others . . . they're crazy, sir! I don't need to tell you what it means to be always with them.

It was a woman who did the thing they've got me locked up here for doing, sir. They couldn't find her, after it happened, and they had to put the blame on some one. So that's why I'm here. I could stand it to be punished for my part of it, such as it was, if they would only admit that I did not do it myself. But they won't admit that I was not responsible. No, sir; you can believe me or not, but they claim she never *was*.

But I had better start at the beginning, if you are to understand, sir. I was night telegraph operator at Owensburg. Maybe you don't know what it is like to be on night duty at a little town that's something of a railroad center. Well, I can tell you that it's no snap, and for twelve hours at a stretch, too. But at Owensburg, it wasn't as bad as in some places I'd been; only more lonesome.

It's a little town, doctor; and perhaps you know what little towns are like. They're not so friendly to strangers, especially to railroad men; and when a man has hours like mine . . . five in the afternoon to five in the morning, they were . . . why, he might just as well kiss good-by to all chance of making friends. So I was often pretty lonesome; but I didn't care much. I was only to be there a couple of months, and it hardly seemed worth the trouble to make friends. I hadn't a regular job, you know. They just sent me around as relief to whoever was sick or taking a vacation.

I can see I am making it sound pretty bad, sir; but it wasn't; not really. I was just a young man, a boy, as you might say; and I loved the traveling about, and seeing others go, and the constant change and excitement of it. I used to sit at my telegraph key when the flyers went through at night and speculate about all the people I could see sitting there, safe and

happy, reading and talking, playing cards, and just gazing out of the window like people do on trains. It used to give me a queer feeling sometimes to realize how all those people depended on me. Not that they knew about me, you understand. But it was me who kept them safe and the road clear so they could go speeding on through the night. Oh, there is a fascination to railroading, doctor. I don't know that I can make you understand; I guess you have to live it to know; but there is something about the noise, and the smell of the smoke, and the constant hurry that gets into your blood.

Five to five are not the usual hours; but, as I said, I was only a relief, and it suited Lloyd—he was the day man—to have it so, so I was glad to be accommodating. It made no difference to me, since I had no friends, and no place to go when I wasn't working. A small town, you know; and I never was one to care much about playing pool, and, as far as I could see, that was about the only amusement Owensburg could offer a working-man.

Did I read, you ask? Well, no; the papers, sometimes; but that was all. It was amusement enough for me just to watch the trains go by, and to try and figure out what all those people were thinking and dreaming about. I used to dream about it, too, after I got to bed. I always dream, doctor; never sleep real sound. Then, it was because I worked too hard; and now . . . well, now, I guess it's because I don't work hard enough.

But it was interesting work, too, in addition to the railroad part of it, for I sent out the messages for the town. There weren't many things that happened that I didn't know about, sooner or later; and, in spite of not knowing the people who sent and received all those messages, it was interesting. Why, sir, beginning the first week I was there, a little slip of a girl used to come in every night after she got through work and send off a message to some man. He must have been a traveling man, for he was in a different town each night. They were love wires, doctor, as you might say. She was a pretty little thing, about eighteen, and she'd come in all snowy and cold, with her cheeks like roses. I used to wish she'd notice me, sometime; but I didn't exist, as far as she was concerned. I was just a means of getting in touch with her lover, just a human telegraph-key. His answers didn't suit me much. They were sort of curt. I remember once he told her he couldn't see her as they had planned. It sounded cruel, as he had worded it; so I added "love" to it, so she wouldn't be too much disappointed. He hadn't paid for that word, you understand; but I wanted her to have it, somehow.

It got so her wires were all about his coming to see her; and sometimes he wouldn't even answer. Then she sent him one telegram that I've always remembered word for word. "You must come Saturday. Next week will be too late." Ten words, sir; and she looked kind of desperate when she wrote them. Well, I never saw her again, and I was shocked considerably when I learned that she was dead. She was so pretty, and that fellow must have been a

bad one. She killed herself, sir. I felt just like crying the night I heard about it.

It was about that time that the loneliness began to get me. I wanted some one to talk things over with. Call it gossip if you like, doctor; but talking about things that happen helps you to get them out of your mind, keeps you from brooding over them. Like I did over that girl I told you about. If I could have discussed that with some one, I could have forgotten. I suppose it was that longing for some one to talk to that made me take up with *her* so easily when she came along.

Did I tell you that it was winter? A Michigan winter; you know what they are; cold, and snappy, with lots of snow. It was dark when I went to work and dark when I went home; but I used to like it, sir. It would be so cold, and the stars were like little pin points of blue ice; and of course there was no one about at that hour of the morning. I would have the whole street to myself as far as the eye could see, and the only sound would be the snow crunching stealthy like under my feet.

Then one morning, *she* came walking down the street toward me. I remember thinking that it was queer the snow did not crunch under her feet as it did under mine; she was so light, sir, just like a feather; and yet there was something substantial about her too. I noticed her closely, like you do a stranger and a woman alone that hour of the night. Oh, respectful enough, you understand; but I was curious about her, just the same.

She had on a red hat that came down low on her forehead, red, just the color of the glowing coals in the engine fire-boxes; and her coat was long, and dark, and had a rich fur on it. There was a moon that night, and with its reflection on the white snow, I could see her plainly enough. I don't doubt I stared, for she was wonderfully attractive to a man as lonesome as I. But for all that, I can't say I liked her, just at first. She was too white and thin, bloodless somehow; but her lips were red enough, a streak of carmine in that pale face. It didn't look natural, sir. You know how sometimes you'll meet a woman on the street, and just the way she walks will make you smile to yourself and say "she's not all she might be." There was something cruel and springy about the way she moved, like a panther, sir. I don't think she was a good woman; but I never knew. She wouldn't talk about herself.

That first night she passed me, and we looked at each other without ever a word. The next night it was the same. And so I got to thinking about her, and wondering if she would be there; and always she was. One night I was a little late, and I hurried, worrying for fear I had missed her; but she was there, just the same as usual, lingering a little, although the night was bitter cold, as if she had waited for me. That night she smiled. She had pretty teeth, doctor; small and pointed with a little space between the two front ones. I smiled back. I don't blame myself for that. I was young and lonesome, and she was what she was. They ought not to let a young boy work at night, sir. It can set him thinking of things better forgotten.

Nights are more intimate than days. I wouldn't have smiled at her in the daytime; but at night, with only the stars for witnesses, it seemed all right. Oh, I'm sorry now. But then I was thrilled at my little adventure as I called it, never dreaming it would go further than just that smile.

I did not sleep much that day for thinking of her; but then, I never did sleep much. Doctors can give you things to make you sleep. Perhaps you would, sir? I'd like to forget her, if I could . . . she is always calling me. . . . No?

Well, as I was saying, she smiled at me, and it wasn't many nights until she was linking her arm in mine to walk home with me. What did we talk about? I wish I could tell you, doctor, but I can't remember. But she was a clever woman. I used to think of the things she had said all during those long hours of the night when I was on duty, sort of live over again the things she'd said, and plan witty things to tell her. Oh, I liked her a lot; but I didn't trust her. Perhaps it was because she would never talk of herself; perhaps it was because of her red, red mouth that tempted me so.

She would walk as far as my door with me, and then she'd say good night with her tantalizing smile and go on down the street; and I'd stand there and watch her, winding out of sight, as long as I could see her. I didn't want her to go on, sir. I wanted her to stay with me.

I told her so one night; and after that, I didn't have to watch her go away. She would meet me, and walk with me down the street; and we'd go in my room, and lock the door, and there we were, sir, very cozy and warm. She'd cook breakfast for us. She would not go out to eat. I don't know why; but as for me, I was so happy, being alone with her there, that I didn't want to go where others could see us. Perhaps I was jealous, sir, although I had no cause.

What she did during the nights when I was at work I never knew, and she wouldn't tell. It pleased her to make a mystery of it.

She told me to tell my landlady that I was married. I did that; and I remember that the landlady asked me once why my wife didn't come to live with me. She would only stay with me for a few hours, and then she'd go on. I never knew where she went, sir. She wouldn't tell me. After it was all over, and I told them how she had lived with me, they didn't believe me, sir. It was true, as they said, that there were none of her clothes in my room, but I've explained that. And that landlady—Shaw, her name was—she swore that I had always come home alone, that there never was a woman with me. Oh, she admitted that I had told her I was married, but she said she had never seen my wife. Not that she was my wife, you understand; but I'd told her that. It was true that I had never introduced them . . . but she must have known, sir. How could she lie like that? And she was a good woman . . . religious.

Her name, sir? It was Eve. She had another name, of course, but the way we met, I never learned it. I asked her once, but she could be very reticent. It didn't matter

to me what her name was . . . not after she was *my* Eve.

I used to beg her to come to the station to meet me. It would not have interfered with my work. There was nothing much to do after midnight but sit and think and watch the trains go by, long streaks of glowing light in the darkness. Like live things they were, those trains, speeding through the night. I'd like to see them again.

She toyed with the idea of coming to the station, but it was a long time before she finally came. Then, one night I looked up, and there she was outside the ticket-window, smiling at me, showing her pretty, pointed teeth. I was so glad to see her . . . it seemed to me she couldn't be there, that I was just imagining it. That was foolish, of course, sir; for there she sat, for an hour, smiling at me out of the shadows, tempting me to touch her, until I was half drunk with the ecstasy of it.

Then it was five o'clock, and I heard Lloyd's heavy step outside, and he came in, brushing the snow off his coat, and rubbing his hands together. I didn't want to introduce them, but I thought I had to do it. I put it off for a minute, waiting for him to come nearer. He stood there opposite her, taking off his coat leisurely; and I watched him as he looked at the corner where she was sitting so demurely. He stared at her superciliously, looked her up and down just like she wasn't there at all, sir. There was something unnatural about it. I could hardly believe my eyes.

I never liked Lloyd much; he was a hard man; and that look he gave Eve made me furious. I could have hit him, but she looked at me, sort of warningly, and shook her head, so I said nothing, although my blood was boiling.

"Any special orders?" he asked, ignoring her as if she hadn't existed.

"No," I snapped, and bundled Eve up in her heavy coat as quickly as I could, and we got out into the night.

"You mustn't mind him," she cooed at me, petting my arm, as she sometimes did. "He doesn't understand." So I was glad I hadn't hit Lloyd, since it had pleased her to be magnanimous. But I wasn't a man to tolerate an insult to a woman I loved, sir, and it rankled . . . that slight of his.

After that she used to come to the station every night. She liked to come. We would build a roaring fire in the little air-tight stove, and then we would sit there, toasting our feet, and watching the glowing coals. She wanted the door open, sir, so we could see the fire. She would stare at it for hours, until it seemed to me she would go mad with its piteous glare on her brain. On very cold nights, we could let the stove get red hot. She loved that best of all. It was on those nights that she was utterly irresistible. She could make herself glow all over, when it pleased her, just like she was on fire herself. I was happy when she was like that, sir. Oh, she could set me on fire, too! Perhaps you understand?

But when it was five o'clock, we were always ready to slip out as soon as Lloyd came. He pretended he did not see her, and very rude he sometimes was, sir. She didn't

want to have anything to do with him, after the way he had looked right through her in that high and mighty way of his. So they just ignored each other, as if the other one didn't exist. But he saw her often enough, and he used to stare at her slyly when he thought I wasn't looking. Oh, I know he thought she was a bad woman. He showed his contempt plain enough, for all his pretended indifference; but I couldn't resent it openly, for I knew myself that she was just what he thought her. Oh, I knew it, sir! I'll not lie to you.

She used to talk to me all through those long hours, and she had queer fancies for a woman. The glowing fires in the engines, the bright, twinkling lights of the trains, these seemed to fascinate her.

"How pretty those red coals would look spilled on the white snow," she would say. It made me shudder to hear her, but I couldn't help thinking how pretty it would be. Red was her color. She loved it. Did I tell you that she had red hair? I never liked it until I met her, and after that I couldn't see any other color.

She used to talk about the people in the trains, too.

"After all, they are just flesh and blood, as we are," she would say tauntingly. "We *are* flesh and blood, aren't we?"

It amused her when she said that, and she laughed softly, sleepily, and her red mouth drooped. It was horrible to hear her, sir, but it seemed just like a dream. Women don't say things like that, not really; so I just ignored it when she spoke so; but it worried me, just the same. I used to feel faint and sick when she talked about blood and people dying; and there would be a rushing sound in my head like the noise of a heavy freight.

Then one night she began talking about wrecks.

"Did you ever see a wreck?" she asked me curiously.

"No," I said fiercely, "and I hope I never will."

"Hot, twisted iron, great steel cars bent and buckled, red hot coals fading to grayness on the white snow, the cries and moans of people, dying, suffering . . . wouldn't that be a beautiful sight?" she said coolly.

"A queer kind of beauty," I answered, and my neck felt clammy with sweat, and I was shaking a little all over.

"There would be a great crash, a great roaring. Think how bright this dark night would be. How red!"

Her voice trailed off to silence. She loved red so.

I wondered if she was crazy, but I loved her, sir, even if she was. I don't suppose you can understand that. It was the loneliness, I think; and she was all I had.

She was with me the night it happened. It was very cold, and the stove was glowing red, as she liked; but it didn't seem to soothe her as it usually did. She was restless and irritable. She kept edging closer to that hot stove, and the things she said, sir, made me uneasy. She was talking about blood, sir, and fire.

"I'd like to take this hot stove in my arms," she muttered. "Blood would flow. Blood on the white

snow. How beautiful that would be!"

She got me half crazy with her hysterical sayings, doctor. In spite of all the heat, I was icy cold, and I saw everything through a reddish haze. But that made her seem all the more beautiful; she had some color in her pale cheeks for once; they were like great, glowing lanterns that the watchmen swing for danger signals.

She was sitting as close to the stove as she could get, and she had the hot poker in her hands. She kept stirring the coals with it to make them blaze more fiercely.

"Put on more coal," she urged me.

And that, sir, was the last thing I remember. As I stooped to put in the coal, there was a great rushing and roaring in my head. I was dizzy with pain, and sick with fear. I fell unconscious.

It is the truth I am telling you, sir. It was she who set the switch so the two fast trains collided. She knew how to do it. I taught her. She wanted to see blood on the snow, sir.

And after it was all over, they found me, unconscious, on the floor; and clasped in my hands were the embers of hot coals, and propped against my head was the red hot poker. You can see the scars to-day, sir.

She had gone when they found me. I never saw her again, except in my dreams.

Ah! But what a woman she was, with her love of red!

Those people rushed in at me, hundreds of people. They blamed me for the wreck. They called me a madman, and a murderer . . . they screamed at me; and some of them were bloody enough, sir. She would have liked it.

They would not believe me when I told them that it was she who was responsible. I was afraid. I pleaded with them. I told them how she stayed with me each night; and they laughed at me. And that devil . . . that Lloyd . . . swore that there never had been a woman at the station with me. I heard him swear it; and it was a lie, sir; a lie!

That's five years ago, sir—you'll get me out soon, won't you, sir?

Why Hate the Jew

A Threat Against Our Experiment in Organized Self-Control

Silas Bent

My purpose here is to discuss a topic taboo in this United States. Of colonial Puritan ancestry on one side of the house, of colonial Cavalier ancestry on the other, the son of a Baptist clergyman, I am the last person in this land of the presumably free, who should feel free to talk about anti-Semitism. My own people, who cut off the ears of visiting Quakers, were sometimes no more kindly disposed toward visiting Hebrews.

In the Kentucky village where I was reared (and the same condition prevails, I am assured, in most towns and small cities), the distinctions drawn in the case of Jews were precisely the distinctions drawn in the case of Gentiles. Those who were socially equipped to belong to the country club were invited to join; and they attended dances, dinners, card-parties, just as though they were not Jews. They went elsewhere to marry, and nothing was thought of it, apparently; or if anything was thought of it, the custom was set down as a quaint religious or racial tradition, not in the least objectionable. If there was religious bigotry in our town it was directed against the Irish Roman Catholics, who lived "across the railroad tracks," and who found it extremely difficult to surmount or break down the social and economic barriers erected against them.

Even when I moved on to large cities, anti-Semitism for a while had no reality to me. I remember that as a new-comer to Manhattan I rented an apartment in a structure then in course of construction, overlooking the northern end of Central Park and the beautiful little lake there. This was before the World War, when the profiteering landlord had not yet run amuck; but if I had not been extremely ignorant I should have realized that no one with my modest wages could rent so desirable an apartment, in such a desirable location, unless there were some drawback. The drawback, from the "Christian" standpoint, speedily became apparent. It was a neighborhood of Jews; and whether on the Bronx subway express or moving about the neighborhood, I was constantly annoyed and provoked. Finally I paid a penalty and voided my lease.

For a while I was one of the most rabid Jew-haters at large. I attributed to all Jews the objectionable traits I had observed in the Jews of that area. It did not occur to me that if I had rented an apartment on the lower West Side of New York,

among the Hudson Dusters and their like, I should have suffered an experience just as disagreeable; nor did I make any allowance for the fact that, if this had happened, I would never have held it against Chesterton and Dunsany and Shaw. The Irish have been an oppressed nationality, although not so bitterly persecuted personally nor for so long as the Jews. Occasionally we see Irishmen who over-compensate for years of humiliation by self-assertiveness and argumentativeness. In this country they become, not infrequently, policemen, where over-compensation can run riot. Was the "third Degree," I wonder, the invention of Irish policemen? As a newspaper reporter, I have known at first hand of its brutalities.

Not all policemen, nor all Irish policemen, are overbearing; nor are all Irishmen by any means offensive. But when we do encounter an Irishman who has disagreeable characteristics we never say that he typifies the whole race. We admit class and personal distinctions. We do not damn all Erin because we meet a few unlikable sons of Erin. If we meet a Jew, however, who goes against the grain, we say instinctively to ourselves, "All Jews are like that."

It was not until long after my apartment-house experience that this thought came to me. Through subsequent reading, reflection, observation and inquiry I came, I hope, to a somewhat more just attitude toward the Jew, although I am not blind to the faults of some of them. I do not now fasten those faults on all of them. I do not, as the saying goes, attempt any longer to indict a whole race.

In "Red Damask," a novel dealing with wealthy New York Jews, Emanie Sachs puts into the mouths of some of her characters candid discussions of the Jewish question. *Gilbert Ware* and his wife, *Abby*, the central characters of the book, spend a summer at Willetts, a fictitious Long Island suburb. A Gentile friend of *Gilbert's* volunteers to see about getting him a seat in the club-car to town, then writes that all the seats are taken.

"Maybe the car is filled," said Abby. "That's a perfectly good reason."

"It's always a perfectly good reason. I wish they'd come right out and say they don't want Jews. Why, any drunken bum who can pay the extra fare can get a seat in that car if he just isn't a Jew."

"You've got a chip on your shoulder," said Abby. "You ought to make an effort to get rid of it. Suppose there is a little prejudice? If you look for it, you'll find more."

And she advised him to show a little initiative, to ask some friend to propose him for membership in the golf-club. *Gilbert* accepted her advice, to his sorrow; for his friend subsequently explained, reddening, that there was "a long waiting list."

"You mean they don't want Jews," said Gilbert.

"Oh," his friend evaded, "some sort of unwritten law. Blanket rule, I mean. It's ridiculous. I don't believe in it myself. Why, some of my best friends are Jews."

But *Gilbert* "poured all his puzzled pains into anti-Semitism. He called it an impassable barrier and said he was kept from normal American life; barred from country clubs and city clubs where his kind be-

longed; barred from directorships in certain banks, from entering his child in exclusive schools. He called any acquaintance who didn't pursue him anti-Semitic." When he left the commuters' train he got into a landaulet with a uniformed chauffeur at the wheel, while Dr. North, who had ridden in the club-car, trudged across to get his dusty Ford from a garage. "Damned Jews," the doctor muttered. "If you didn't keep 'em down they'd be everywhere. A Hebrew is a Hebrew. You can't get away from it. They've spoiled New York and they'll spoil this place [Willetts] if we let 'em. . . . We Norths never could stand 'em. My grandfather, back in 1862, black-balled What's-his-name, that old Spanish-Jew banker. The Union Club. He was supposed to be almost a white man. Lincoln's friend. But we Norths can't stand Hebrews."

At one point *Donna*, a cousin, observes to *Abby:*

"I don't hate being a Jew. How can you hate yourself? And a cultural heritage is not to be sniffed at. But I do hate the way Jews make ghettos wherever they go. That's why Jews aren't wanted in spontaneous social groups. If you invite a Jew you've got to expect her sisters and her cousins and her aunts and all her in-law's friends, whether you like 'em or not."

Mrs. Sachs, who looks with clear eyes upon this problem confronting her people, observes, with a gentle and just irony, that with one or two exceptions nobody in Willetts had any social position; to exclude somebody gave them a sense of superiority. One of the well-born exceptions excluded Jews because they crucified Christ. Another, whose wife was dowdy, hated the *Wares* because *Abby* was beautiful and knew how to wear her smart clothes.

I am unable to identify the Spanish Jew, Lincoln's friend, whom one of Mrs. Sachs's fictitious characters black-balled from the Union Club; but there was a Polish Jew, Haym Salomon, whose generous financial assistance to the poverty-stricken Colonies during and after the Revolution has been recognized in letters from James Madison, Robert Morris and others of the Founding Fathers.

Let us see, incidentally, what some of the Founding Fathers thought of the Jews as a people. George Washington said in a letter to the Hebrew Congregation in Savannah, Georgia:

"I rejoice that a spirit of liberality and philanthropy is much more prevalent than it formerly was among the enlightened nations of the earth, and that your brethren will benefit thereby in proportion as it shall become more extensive; happily the people of the United States have in many instances exhibited examples worthy of imitation, the salutary influence of which will doubtless extend much farther if, gratefully enjoying those blessings which (under the favor of Heaven) have been attained by fortitude in war, they shall conduct themselves with reverence toward the Deity and charity toward their fellow-creatures.

"May the same wonder-working Deity, who long since delivered the Hebrews from their Egyptian oppressors, and planted them in a promised land, whose providential agency has lately been conspicuous in establishing these United States as

an independent nation, still continue to water them with the dews of Heaven and make the inhabitants of every denomination participate in the temporal and spiritual blessings of that people whose God is Jehovah."

And to the Hebrew Congregation in Newport, Rhode Island, Washington wrote, in part:

"May the children of the stock of Abraham who dwell in this land continue to merit and enjoy the goodwill of the other inhabitants, while every one shall sit in safety under his own vine and fig-tree, and there shall be none to make him afraid.

"May the Father of all mercies scatter light, and not darkness, upon our paths and make us all in our several vocations useful here, and in His own due time and way everlastingly happy."

John Adams wrote to Mordecai M. Noah, a Jewish editor in New York:

"I wish your nation may be admitted to all privileges of citizens in every country of the world. This country has done much. I wish it may do more, and annul every narrow idea in religion, government and commerce. Let the wits joke, the philosophers sneer! What then? It has pleased the Providence of the 'first cause,' the universal cause, that Abraham should give religion, not only to the Hebrews, but to Christians and Mahometans, the greatest part of the modern civilized world."

To Noah, Thomas Jefferson wrote:

"Your sect by sufferings has furnished a remarkable proof of the universal spirit of religious intolerance inherent in every sect, disclaimed by all while feeble, and practised by all when in power. Our laws have applied the only antidote to this vice, protecting our religious, as they do our civil rights, by putting all on an equal footing. But more remains to be done, for although we are free by the law, we are not so in practice; public opinion erects itself into an Inquisition, and exercises its office with as much fanaticism as fans the flames of an *auto-da-fé*.

"The prejudice still scowling on your section of our religion, although the elder one, cannot be unfelt by yourselves; it is to be hoped that individual dispositions will at length mold themselves to the model of the law, and consider the moral basis, on which all our religions rest, as the rallying point which unites them in a common interest. . . . I salute you with great respect and esteem."

Even in that day, although there were but few Jews in the sparsely settled New World, Jefferson perceived and abhorred anti-Semitism.

Recurring to that Jewish banker who helped finance our Revolution (and who escaped death at the hands of the British only by a hair's-breadth), I am impressed by a certain analogy between bankers as a class and Jews as a people. In this country nine tenths of our bankers, it is safe to say, are Christians; but ask any neighbor and you will find, I venture to assert, that he thinks bankers wear horns. Unshod, the fraternity would expose the cloven hoof. I first became acutely conscious of this attitude while employed, fifteen or sixteen years ago, by a national banking-reform league, and I have never been able to explain it. Certainly it does not arise from the fact that a small percentage of

our bankers are of Hebrew origin. The league which employed me was endeavoring to write into our books a constructive law, which was imperatively needed and which is now embodied in the Federal Reserve Act. Yet its every move, its every utterance, was suspect. The league itself was suspect, because it was supported mainly by bankers and therefore, inescapably, must be a Mephistophelean agency. What, now, are the facts about bankers? In their individual capacities we turn over to them our money for safe-keeping, accepting by way of record a mere notation in a book; and when we are in difficulties we borrow money from them. Their business depends upon us, and would collapse if we did not trust them implicitly. More, when any sort of civic or social improvement is projected, requiring popular subscription, the bankers are the first persons we call on, in every community, and it is seldom we call in vain. Yet as a class they are quite commonly disparaged and denounced.

Many Jews are bankers, as I say; but, aside from that, what is true of bankers as a business unit is true, with a much wider range, of Jews as a race. The Jews seldom ask us to contribute to their charities, but they contribute open-handedly to ours. They have even been among the largest givers to a Protestant Episcopal cathedral in New York City. No social or civic or philanthropic enterprise but wins their sympathy and solid encouragement. Yet they are not our richest citizens. None of our billionaires is a Jew; none of the multi-millionaires just beneath the billionaire stratum is a Jew. As contributors, the Jews draw on purses not over-stuffed according to American standards.

When we go to the theater, whether for the glorification of the American girl or to hear the ideas of Ibsen and Shaw, there is likely to be a Jew somewhere in the background. If we hear grand opera we are likely to be more or less indebted to a Jew, provided the opera requires a subsidy, as usually happens in this country. As writers, publishers, artists and art dealers, leaders in liberal causes and contributors to the general economic and cultural advancement of this country, Jews are signally distinguished. I need not enumerate instances. If I were to attempt it, the list would be incomplete. Every reader of this magazine can supply instances of his own.

It is a belief commonly held that Jews won't fight, and there is a basis of solid truth for the belief. All of us, I suppose, are theoretic pacifists, but the Jew goes a little further than most of us. He avoids personal combat when he can, and he will not enlist in a war, as a rule, unless heartily committed to its objectives. Thus in the War of 1812 and the Mexican War (neither of which, I venture treasonably to aver, represented a cause for which honest men would care to fight), there was a total of only 102 Jewish enlistments. In the Civil War—when, of course, the race was much more numerous in this country—there was a total of 8257 Jewish soldiers. There were sixteen Jewish staff-officers in the Union Army and twenty-four in the Confederate, including Generals Rosecrans and Lyon; there were

eleven officers in the Confederate Navy. Many of the medals of honor which Lincoln conferred for gallantry in action went to Jewish soldiers.

When I consulted the records of the World War, in an effort to learn whether the present generation of Jews in this country are fighters in causes they believe to be just, and whether they are brave, I found that the precise number who served had not been determined, but that it was certainly above two hundred thousand. The Jews, constituting but three per cent of the total population of the United States, contributed more than four per cent to our armed forces, which on Armistice Day numbered four and one-half millions. Moreover, there were about forty thousand volunteers, or virtually twenty per cent of the whole enrollment—a record unexcelled, I am told, by any other element of our population. And there are more than eleven hundred citations for personal valor, including French, British and other Allied citations. More than ten thousand Jews were commissioned as officers, ranging to one hundred colonelcies in the Army and as high as Rear Admiral in the Navy. Nearly three thousand gave their lives, and there were more than thirteen hundred casualties among them. The heroic "Lost Battalion" was a Yiddish command, made up mostly of East Side tailors and factory workers, push-cart men, clerks and such like. One of its members, however, hailed from the Bronx, and he was cited for valor. The New York "Times," which rarely loses its head, had this to say editorially about his exploit in its issue of December 19, 1918:

"The place was the Argonne Forest, where death became very familiar to the American soldier. It was full of 'Bloody Angles.' The organization to which [Abraham] Krotoshinsky belonged was the Lost Battalion. Surrounded by the enemy and cut off from the rest of the American army, it had decided to die rather than surrender. Everybody knows the story now, a deathless story. Runner after runner was sent out—they were all volunteers—to get through the enemy's lines and bring relief. Every man was a target as soon as he went 'over the top.' It was the valor of cold blood that made him run the risk. He would probably be the victim of a sniper if a shell did not do the work. Death by an ordinary wound is bad enough, but it has no such terrors as extinction by a shell, the shattering of the human frame into indistinguishable pieces, which accounts for so many of the 'missing.' No man had got through. . . . There seemed little hope, a ghost of a chance, for the private from the Bronx. What a sight it must have been, the race for death! . . .

"One cannot imagine the Germans cheering the private from the Bronx as he faced the hell of their fire, now stumbling, now up again, always going forward undaunted to save the battalion, but if ever a fighting man deserved to be cheered by a generous enemy it was this courier who was captain of his soul and dared all for love of his comrades. . . .

"The private from the Bronx is now numbered among the bravest of the brave. . . . Abraham Krotoshinsky, it is said, was a barber. So you never know what your neigh-

bor off for the war is going to do. And about the stock and names of the heroes to be, you can never tell, especially when fifty nationalities leap from the melting-pot at the call to arms. If the Great War has proved anything, it is that men of all races and from all climes are brave to a fault, and that heroes may wear unfamiliar names; the name of Abraham Krotoshinsky, for instance."

Perhaps it is a little unfair to single out this man from the hundreds who were cited for deeds no less noteworthy, when my space does not permit naming the others. It is enough to say that the record of the Jews in the World War is ample answer to those who deny that they are a courageous, even a reckless people, in causes which win their hearts.

One of Mark Twain's serious essays deals with the Jewish question, and advances the ingenious theory of jealousy as explaining our prejudice. He had a notion that we tried to thwart every Hebrew because his race excelled in all things from money-making to the Seven Arts. If my memory serves me aright (I have not read the essay since my youth) Clemens commented also on the Jew's incorrigible ambition for an education as one of his disquieting traits—the trait which is responsible, presumably, for Harvard's limiting the percentage of his race in the student body. The humorist-philosopher, obviously, only skimmed the surface of his problem; as a rule he struck much deeper. The problem is not so simple as to be explained on a one-sided basis, for it is apparent, I think, that Gentiles are not alone at fault. Sensitive and high-spirited Jews, as well as Jews contumacious and insensitive and self-assertive—qualities not peculiar to their race, to be sure—do their part, perhaps unconsciously, to maintain a situation which ought to be as much a problem to Gentiles of all faiths as it sometimes is to Semites.

Moreover, the clannishness of the Jews, accentuated doubtless by the mass mistreatment to which they have been subjected, is a factor. I remember what a storm of critical disapproval arose when Dr. Horace M. Kallen, one of the most distinguished thinkers his race has given to this country, presented, in "Culture and Democracy," the advantages of a "pluralistic culture" as against a single culture in the United States. His notion is that the Jews, the Irish, the Germans, the Poles, the Scandinavians, the Italians, might each contribute from their rich national storehouses to a sort of funded culture here. Some of the critics appeared to think that Dr. Kallen merely meant to extend to other groups the sort of self-containment he wished Jews to exemplify. Dr. Brander Matthews, writing in a periodical now defunct, railed at the suggestion with a venom quite extraordinary. Fancy how he and his fellows must have felt when Dr. Charles W. Eliot, until his death recognized by common consent as our "First Citizen," appeared a few months later in advocacy of precisely the theory that Dr. Kallen had expounded! No longer could the charge of Hebraic exclusiveness and clannishness be made to rest against it.

Isn't it barely possible that, while the Jew is alert to real or fancied

slights, we ourselves are alert lest the Jew make us uncomfortably aware just how parvenu our families are? The Jews were an ancient people when the Nordics were still hunting food with flint axes, and wolfing their meat half cooked. This is a young country; and the early settlers, first in Virginia and then in Massachusetts, were sprung of young races. If mere linked descent from kings of old be the test of birth, obviously the Jews hold all the trumps against their detractors in this country. Sometimes I suspect they hug the fact secretly to themselves. I'm sure I wouldn't blame them if they did.

We have a saying that every man has his favorite Jew. The very saying is a repudiation of our democratic pretensions; for we could not have favorites if the others were not tacitly in disfavor. We deny class distinctions; only as to Jews do we make no class distinctions, no allowances for inferior opportunities, no excuses for cultural limitations. As to other races we do make such distinctions, quite consciously. The Jews themselves, as must be apparent to all of us, make class distinctions among their own people, and make them—with due allowances fortunately—as among us. In very truth we have not yet achieved that altitude of tolerance, good temper and good breeding which makes possible the obliteration of social cleavages. We should take them into account in dealing with the Jew just as we take them into account in dealing with other peoples. That is a democratic obligation.

Alfred E. Smith's humiliating loss of New York State in the last Presidential campaign was due undoubtedly to Tammany's defection. The "boys" couldn't be held in line. When they were questioned about their objections to the Governor, whom they had loyally supported in four State races, some of them said that he who had been all too chary of favors at Albany, would be even less considerate at Washington; some said he had gone over to the high-brow reformers, and was no longer Tammany's sort. Nearly all of them—for the cubs of the Tiger have few inhibitions—complained that there were too many "Vitski's" in the candidate's kitchen cabinet.

It is no new thing for the Hall to knife a national Democratic ticket in trading for votes to the State ticket; and it is true that Jews were numbered among the closest advisers and generous financial supporters of Tammany's most brilliant son. But it is singular that the Governor should have felt the weight of religious prejudice "acomin' and agoin'," to fall into a favorite negro phrase. For the most part these ward heelers of the world's most notorious political machine were Roman Catholics, like Al Smith himself. They could not have been swayed by the same emotional bigotry as were some in the Protestant South. But bigoted they were; and their emotion was deflected perversely into prejudice against the Jews around the Governor.

We profess to accept the first amendment to the Constitution, guaranteeing freedom in the exercise of religion, as part of our basic law and a fundamental of our political association; but we are faced with the mortifying confession, if we are

honest with ourselves, that there is a wide gap between our practices and our pretensions. The stigma of which Jefferson complained is a stigma today. It is true that the Jews are now strong enough to worship without overt interference in their religious exercises, but it is not true that they are free of pressures, economic, social and moral.

This is not intended to be more than a personal testament, for I do not hold myself competent to discuss with any weight a question so delicate and complex. But having experienced a period of active emotional subjection to anti-Semitism, and having come to a realization that this sort of subjection, on the part of millions among us, constitutes a very real threat against the integrity of our experiment in organized self-control, I have ventured to take the bull by the horns. If we cannot control emotions which spring partly from a sort of social and religious tradition, and partly from largely groundless prejudices, how can we expect to govern ourselves? It simmers down to that, really. It is not a racial question, nor merely a social question. In the highest sense of the word it is political. It is a test of the validity of that governmental adventure on which the United States has embarked.

INSTRUCTOR IN FRENCH

ELIZABETH ATKINS

She wrapped her youth in a cocoon of study
Till her companions could not fail to miss
All of her but her frown and stoop and muddy
Complexion, and her shy paralysis.
Now, with a Ph.D., she lifts her head,
Cuts off her hair, and takes up exercise,
Charming her students with her fleet, light tread
And with her inexperienced, eager eyes.

To make assignments clearer, so she says,
She often brings up reminiscences,
Meticulously inexact, about
Her girlhood, and her students do not doubt
That she lured many suitors with a mocking,
Light, elfin laugh, and danced out every stocking.

Idealism in Legislation

Placing on the Statute-Books the Sermon on the Mount

Annie Osborn

It is an admitted fact that in legislation for social amelioration, Australia leads the world. In discussing the Maternity Bonus, which was the first great bit of social (not socialistic) legislation that startled even the Australians themselves, the late Andrew Fisher, when Prime Minister of Australia, told me it was the definite aim of the Labor party to place the Sermon on the Mount on the statute-books, and various lesser lights in the Labor firmament have repeated the statement in my hearing since that day. But, while idealism has undoubtedly prompted the introduction and acceptance of a great deal of experimental and costly social legislation there, it cannot be claimed that the results are ideal. Unenviable results may not be as apparent in a community undergoing radical evolutionary changes as in one in the throes of revolutionary agitation, but they are plainly discernible for all that, and thoughtful Australians are asking very seriously what is going to be the outcome of it all.

It will, however, be almost as severe a blow to the English-speaking world as a whole as to the Australians themselves if the overwhelming financial burden of this idealistic legislation brings an untimely end to our experimentation, because we are perhaps the only people who are so ideally circumstanced as to be able even to dare to make experiments along these lines, let alone to give them a thorough testing. To begin with, we are ninety-five per cent pure British stock, and of our six million inhabitants at least five millions are of a remarkably high grade of intelligence, with an unusually large proportion of the A1 class. We have not the abysmal differences between the classes that older lands have, nor have we any real poverty—poverty in the mass, so to speak. When the late Lord Northcliffe visited Australia just before his death, he said we had no slums in our favored land, and this statement was as hotly refuted as though he had grossly slandered the nation. Automobiles were hastily requisitioned by an excited press representation to take that colossus of modern journalism around the poorer quarters to show him that we did have our slumdom. But he merely laughed at the eager exposure of our "mission" areas as he reiterated his conviction that we had no grinding poverty, no squalor, no sordid ugliness where life was not worth living—we did not begin to understand what poverty meant in

the old-world sense. He was more accurate in this judgment than he was in some other famous pronouncements, for it is an actual fact that Australia is "the paradise of the working-man" as it has so often been described, and what destitution we have is undoubtedly due either to drink or feeblemindedness, or to what the Scotch call "fecklessness."

Inbred in every Britisher is the belief that all are equal before the law. Perhaps it was that tradition which led our fathers to decide that in Australia all should also be equal before the ballot-box; and it was surely an amazing bit of altruism which made our legislators decree that instead of a plurality of votes for the favored few we should have the principle of one man one vote, thus ushering in the era of manhood suffrage, and, with the inception of the Commonwealth in the opening year of this century, broadening it still further to adult suffrage. This initial advantage in numbers was bound to lead to majority rule, and, since the working classes are in the majority everywhere, it was only a matter of time and organization before the weight of numbers forced the two older main political bodies into a fusion for self-protection against a common opponent. That adult suffrage was not regarded as the great privilege it is, and that citizenship should be earned to be appreciated, were proved by the passage of a bill for the compulsory enrolment of every Australian on reaching the age of twenty-one, and, later still, by an enforcement of its necessary complement, compulsory voting. Every defaulter from the polling booth must make a satisfactory explanation or pay a fine of ten dollars.

Ever since the Labor party has become either a dominating or a dominant force in the land, we have watched the introduction of a series of experiments having for their object the abolition of poverty and the raising of the standard of living, so that every man, woman and child shall have not only the right to live, but the right and the means to enjoy life—two widely different things. Yet, with the passing years it has become more and more evident that sympathy with the under-dog has strengthened an instinctive antipathy for the superman and the successful man, and the leveling up process is inevitably linking itself with a determined effort to level down. In justice to the political group of the Labor party it must be said that this effort at leveling down is mainly confined to the industrial wing—and the militant section of that wing—and that practical men are usually engaged in a fierce tug-of-war with the theorists because the politicians know how hopeless it is even to pretend to be able to give the workers the moon to play with or the stars to run away with, as the old coon-song goes. Thus, when news is cabled abroad, as it so frequently is, of industrial upheavals in Australia, it means that the industrialists (mainly led by non-Australian agitators) have once again flouted the politicians in their ranks, and have taken the agitators', instead of the idealists' way of trying to achieve their ends.

With each separate attempt to banish poverty and suffering, we

have had fresh pensions issued, until now it is commonly said that we are pensioned from the cradle to the grave, and an astoundingly large proportion of our people are in receipt of regular unearned incomes from a paternal Government. This choking pull upon the national exchequer can only be relieved by the people themselves deciding to become self-reliant and self-sufficient, to reinstate the grand old virtue of sturdy independence in every home —and who is sufficient for these things? The obvious effect of such an unending outflow of easy gold is to slacken the moral fiber so seriously that independence is relegated to the rubbish heap by all who partake of the stream of indulgence unwarrantably. This in itself will preclude a retraction of the non-contributory pensioning which is twice hurtful to the recipients in the mass. We have (all good in themselves but in abuse, a national problem) the Maternity Bonus; State aid for neglected children, orphans, or children of deserted wives; invalid pensions and old-age pensions; besides, of course, the pensions for children, mothers, widows and other relatives of deceased or incapacitated veterans of the World War. All these are idealistic—their universality and prodigality may be their undoing.

All sections of the community were of one mind as to old-age pensions, especially as so many of those in need were actual pioneers who made the new country habitable for their descendants. No civilized country can endure seeing the aged and infirm lack the necessaries of life in their declining years, particularly when it is obvious that their poverty is often due more to a well-lived life of self-sacrificing service, than to shiftlessness. When we instituted our scheme of aid for the old and poor, it naturally had to be put into operation at once to be of benefit to those then in need. But short-sightedness made a blunder that longer and wiser vision would have avoided. Contributory old-age pensions were manifestly impossible for the immediate beneficiaries or for those coming after them for a certain number of years; but if a system had been coincidentally devised whereby the middle-aged and the young should begin to pay even a very small weekly amount toward an old age of security, the self-respect of all recipients would have been conserved, and perhaps some of the ugliest blots on our social life would have been avoided. To-day it is doubtful if any politician would dare to suggest contributory old-age pensions, for it would almost certainly mean instant political death; but had it accompanied the introduction of the practice, by now the nation would be insuring against penury without thought of any other system. As it is, every man over sixty-five and every woman over sixty who can show that he or she has not more than a certain fixed amount of money or property can claim a weekly pension of five dollars.

The deceit that is practised to enable people to get this dole is serious because of the way it saps the moral fiber of those concerned. Children repudiate all filial duty toward their parents, even if they are in a position to support them; in other instances property is made over to conniving children and banking

accounts are manipulated in such a way that State busybodies cannot detect the truth, and able-bodied men over sixty-five refuse to take a fair day's pay for work because such pay would jeopardize the regular income from the State. Contributory pensions would have done away with the inducements to deceit of this description, and would have saved otherwise decent people from this moral turpitude. Also, it would have prevented the wilful dissipation of savings or the determined policy of not saving among those who are haunted by the fear that they may prove ineligible for a pension if they are so unfortunate as to have just enough to be disqualified. There should be no old-age pauperism in the ideal state; but equally, there should be no ugly side to its abolition.

Every man and woman in the bread-and-butter-line of life knows how severe a strain upon domestic finances is the advent of a baby. This was considered so sympathetically by the Labor party that it was decided to encourage and cheer the appearance of "Australia's best immigrant" by presenting the new mother with a bonus of twenty-five dollars to help her secure adequate attention at that critical moment. Obviously, not all mothers needed such financial help; but if there is one word above all others detested by our Laborites it is "charity," and so that no suspicion of charity should contaminate this present from a kindly Government it was decided that the gift should be made to every mother who claimed it, irrespective of social position or financial status, as long as she could send in a duly signed certificate, stating that she had just given birth to a viable child. This cash present derives much of its value from the promptness with which it is sent. The mother gets it as a rule within a week after sending in her application.

Whereas in pre-bonus days many hard-pushed mothers went into public hospitals as non-paying patients and felt the stigma sorely, nowadays they enter contentedly, knowing that the hospital will take one half the bonus as payment in full and return the other half gladly. But matrons of these hospitals have many sorry tales to tell of miserable men loitering around the offices awaiting the discharge of their wives in order to get the refunded cash—the wherewithal for a carousal. Such ugly side-lights are perhaps not much worse in their degree than the folly that has earned for this gift—which is claimed by over ninety-five per cent of our new mothers—the ironical title of "the bangle bonus"—the fad of silly women who disfigure the baby's wrist by putting on it a cheap bracelet. Many others spend the money on a baby-carriage; many more place it in the savings bank in the baby's name to accumulate interest.

Doctors and hospital authorities have been anxiously trying to educate the people into realizing that if the money spent annually in this bonus were utilized for the erection and upkeep of maternity hospitals, Australia could lead the world in obstetrical science; but the working classes will listen to none of this talk. Their mouthpieces openly avow that doctors and nurses have their own

private axes to grind in making such suggestions, that they are seeking to alter the direction of the flow of this bounty from the pockets of the people to their own. Some of us have for a long time written much in the hope of making the people see this ideal—the State aided hospital—but the grasping hand held out eagerly for the magical cash present, quite unrestricted as to its use, cannot be made to drop to the side.

Another scheme ideal in theory is that of State aid for orphans or neglected children—whether that "neglect" is actual or is merely a technical word to cover the fact that a child's natural protector cannot for any reason, good or bad, provide for its support. Widowed mothers do not need to go out to work to earn the food for their children, leaving them to that sordid school, the streets, to learn things they should never know. All the indigent widows have to do is to make application for their children to become wards of the State, to have them "boarded out" to their own mothers; and then they receive a regular income from each child—up to four of them, as a general rule. Deserted wives, wives of criminals or drunkards or other ne'er-do-wells can also make such application, for we do not believe in the sins of the fathers being visited upon the hapless children.

With such a kindly provision for unfortunate children, and with our system of holding affiliation courts once a week for unmarried mothers to hand over unwanted infants to the State, it might be thought that idealism in State aid could not go much further. But while, as in other phases of this type of relief, untold good is done to worthy claimants, there is much to be said about the unnecessarily heavy burden inflicted by the unworthy on taxpayers.

Collusion between miserable husbands and wives is all too common. Men vanish, leaving no traces of themselves. Their wives take out warrants for their arrest; but since it is assumed that the deserters have gone to other States, and since the wives must pay the costs of arrest and return, tracking such husbands down is usually given up as a hopeless task. Then the women appeal to have their children boarded out to them as State wards, and a regular income is assured. It occasionally happens that they are not smart enough in their frauds and are unmasked; many are suspected of knowing where the "deserting" husband is working under an assumed name, and of receiving or paying surreptitious visits when there is small chance of discovery. Some years ago, one State raised the dole for State-aided children by one shilling a week, and the amusing if discreditable result was that the adjacent State began to lose its wards boarded out to their own mothers, in fact it seemed to be in a fair way of losing them all. Finally, the hospitable neighbor discovered how big a pay-roll it had, and unkindly introduced hasty legislation declaring that to have the right to claim this form of aid, mothers must have resided in the State for at least five years. Then there was a wholesale trek backward to the home State!

Of course the mere possession of a regular income does not create an

ideal home for little children. The personality and suitability of the woman at its head is really the controlling factor. I saw a striking illustration of this in a rather dramatic way when accompanying an official on a tour of inspection. Two houses facing each other on one street, were occupied by women each of whom had charge of four children. Each woman was a widow and each was entirely dependent on the money she received from the State for caring for the foundlings. In every way their incomes and obligations were parallel; yet in the first home we found ideal surroundings for little children, and an industrious, clean, highly respectable foster-mother and guide for young lives; and in the other, we found deplorable conditions—homeless mongrel dogs in the streets could claim as good care as those forlorn little mites were receiving, and certainly the dogs had as much moral supervision! The children were removed from that piggery as fast as legal steps could be taken to extricate them. The woman who had "charge" of them spent her days in drunken idleness, her one care being the unfailing flow of unearned money for her potations.

Then we have the invalid pension. Everybody knows what a strain on straitened financial resources a chronic invalid can be, and no one grudges State aid to enable such an afflicted person to be made tolerably comfortable. But while this beneficent assistance to overstrained mothers is not grudged, there are schemers who capitalize a sick child's illness and sometimes prevent it receiving skilled aid that might make it well again. For the invalid pension is designed to cover the cost of medicines and the assiduous attention of one person, and it can become quite a factor in the family income. I saw a hideous example of the frustration of good intent one day when exploring to find out just what this pension meant. I stumbled upon the case by sheer accident, but I shall never forget the sight. We could get no response to our knocking at one house; but my guide, the district nurse, told me there was an invalid who simply could not get out. So she led me around to the back entrance.

Strapped to a baby's chair on a veranda, with scarcely any other clothing than a coarse tweed overcoat, was an imbecile that lacked almost any semblance to humanity. It was the eldest child of a family of eight, and should long ago have been placed in an asylum; but—it was worth almost three dollars a week from the invalid pensions board, and so the other seven children had to grow up side by side with this poor, ill-begotten thing. There was no legal machinery whereby the parents could be compelled to turn the unfortunate creature over to the care of specialists, but there was a law which said the mother could receive a regular income to recompense her for the strain her child was upon the family purse. The publicity given to this case was resented by the extreme wing of militant industrialists, but it was too flagrant for any attempted justification. Between such a horror and the other extreme—urgent, deserving need—there are all too many cases where invalidism is capitalized by the un-

worthy and where an initial illness is lengthened into sheer malingering. These strengthen the contention of the thoughtful that it is not the privilege but the abuse of the privilege that may yet call a halt to our earnest desires to help every unfortunate.

The system of wholesale pensioning has been in force long enough now to show what its ultimate effects upon the people as a whole must be. It is inducing a nation-wide reliance on the Government for everything. Every hamlet and every town and every city demands Government subsidies for any essential bit of improvement—sometimes the whole cost is obtained in this way. Self-help in communities is becoming as rare as self-dependence in the individual. If one asks a member of the endless deputations why the people themselves do not have a working bee and effect repairs to a school or to roads or public buildings, the answer is: "Why should we? Aren't we taxed enough to get a bit of our own back?" Thus public-spirit is being killed; and the indifference with which individual dependence is regarded, is reflected in the sapping of self-respect in communities and the general casual holding out of empty hands for Government doles for things the beneficiary could well afford to pay for or do for himself. And the strain of public taxation grows ever greater upon the self-respecting middle class which, the world over, prizes its independence and its personal probity.

Meanwhile, it seems to me that in our eager efforts to abolish poverty we are forgetting that poverty is not synonymous with destitution, and that it is neither wicked nor disgraceful. On the contrary, it often injects a needed dose of iron and helps to create a virile character which in itself becomes part of the nation's real wealth. If we had merely abolished destitution, as we can fairly claim to have done, we should have accomplished a laudable and beneficent work; but in our attempt to make poverty itself a crime, to annihilate it by free doles from the Government's horn of plenty, we have tended to create a belief among weaklings that man can live by bread alone, and that, if he can get that bread without work he would be a fool indeed to make an honest effort toward permanent independence. That is what I meant when I said that our efforts to put idealism into legislation have not borne ideal fruit, and that, if in our evolution the unenviable results are not as clearly recognizable as they would be in some actual revolution, they are there nevertheless.

(Next Month: *The Paradise of the Working-Man*)

Middle West Is Middle West

The Inland Empire Has a Star of Its Own

Lewis F. Carr

My friend, a most honorable person, tells the story of an old-timer who was advised by his doctors to get away from the Corn Belt during the summer. The doctors said that one week of our broiling, corn-growing weather would kill him. But though he didn't doubt the doctors and though he had ample means to go where he pleased, he decided to stay. The hot weather came and laid him low. In the tenth day of it, he lay dying. His friends and family stood about his bedside. The old man stirred. They caught their breath. He sat bolt upright, a bit of grim satisfaction showing somehow in his face. "It's good for the corn!" he said. "It's good for the corn!" And thus he died.

The French were the first to look upon our inland country. From Quebec—founded in 1608—went forth the hardy explorers, soldiers, Jesuits, voyaging as far west as Wisconsin and Minnesota by the middle of the century. La Salle, Marquette, Joliet and others followed, establishing the chain of forts from New Orleans to Quebec, leaving their mark in the names of the many towns they established, and a trace of their blood and tradition to live forever in the people of the country. In the histories of perhaps a hundred cities of the Middle West is the notation that Frenchmen were the first to look upon their sites.

After the French, and along with them, the Scotch-Irish. Oppressed in their adopted North Ireland, they came to America and made a final break for freedom beyond the limits of the colonial frontiers. They pushed up beyond the headwaters, traded with the Indians in defiance of orders from the Crown, went over the mountains, found the fertile lands beyond, followed the fur trade and other ventures and carried the word of these lands back to the eastern settlements. In our local history—first a Frenchman, then a Scotch-Irishman, and then—

Well, then the Virginians. The first formal western movement was under Governor Spottswood in 1716. His action led to the settlement of the Shenandoah Valley and the formation of the Ohio Company in 1748. The purpose of the Company was to engage in the fur trade and colonize the western lands. Their agents penetrated as far west as the Wabash country; it was their activity that aroused the French to build Fort Duquesne, which was about fifty miles north of the spot

(Fort Necessity) where Washington met his defeat in 1754. Braddock met a worse fate the following year. But in 1758, Fort Duquesne was occupied by the English and renamed Fort Pitt; and it and the land west to the Great River subsequently became English and Virginian territory. During and after the Revolution, Virginians looked upon this land as part of their own State; and it was thus natural that they should settle it, coming out over the Wilderness Road or floating down the broad Ohio. Daniel Boone, General St. Clair, Mad Anthony Wayne, Bob Patterson, these Scotch-Irishmen and the Virginians under Andrew Lewis, George Rogers Clark and others, cleared the way for the actual settlement. Later, Harrison, a Virginian, made the land safe for homes.

Finally came the Yankees, settling at "Cleaveland" in the Western Reserve in 1796. Having found the way to the West, they came in large numbers, filtering through the whole Territory.

In addition to these four elements, there were the Germans, the Highland Scotch, the Welsh and the Irish, some Swiss and some Spanish. Later into this melting-pot poured various hordes of people from Southern Europe.

So it is natural that the present Middle West presents all kinds of paradoxes, contrasts, contradictions, —all shades, shadows and hues of the human spectrum. Far from being distracting, these differences are more or less delightful, though at times puzzling. The people that you meet are usually about half Puritan, half Virginian, with perhaps a little Scotch-Irish thrown in for good measure and a trace possibly of the French or Latin. There is the delightful butterfly lady from St. Louis whose original ancestor came over as a stowaway, with nothing in God's world but a handkerchief and his fiddle; she doesn't have quite the same outlook on life as the great-great-and-so-on-grandson of Cotton Mather's old crony. He is a very serious person. For the Puritans came west with their traditional frame of mind; they came to garner a little wealth, perhaps, to seek at least "the blessed privilege of being independent"; but never for a moment did they forget the serious business of life, the mission and the vision, to build more stately mansions for their souls, to teach others the way to salvation. Was not that way preached solemnly from their pulpits? Is it not still so preached? Thus—though they gained that wealth and that independence here in the West, they remained Puritans. They still are and, though perhaps it is good that this should be so, the fact makes for confusion and inconsistency.

For the Middle West was different from the rocky hills of New England. A living came easier here; the sun was warmer; the earth smiled. Opulence—though frowned upon by the Puritans—was now thrust upon them. Ease and the luxury of living became theirs, and they were human enough to accept it. But always in their conscience was a certain revulsion from it; and it is still with them. Thus your gracious Middle Western housewife of Puritan descent lives in almost sumptuous elegance while retaining her old

compunctions about wasting a penny. She will give a dinner at the country club and "spread it on with a trowel," because that is one of the customs of this country. But she will save a penny in the doing of it by some hook or crook, you may be certain. Again, she and her husband will build a new hundred thousand dollar house, but they will work almost with their own hands to save a dollar in the construction of it. They will go up into the old attic or into the old stable and rake out an ancient gingerbread light-fixture and put it in that new home to the despair, confusion and distraction of architect, decorator and the family, all to the end that the old tradition of saving be preserved intact and immaculate. They will pay a thousand dollars for a table-cloth or four or five thousand for a new car without batting an eye; but woe unto him who leaves an electric light burning for one second longer than is absolutely necessary.

Not only has the Puritan restrictiveness conflicted with the native expansiveness of the Middle West; it has run distressingly counter to the Scotch-Irish and Virginian traditions. Harrison was ridiculed as a drinker of hard cider; and though the figure may have alienated the Puritan vote as intended, it struck the imagination of the others just about right and elected him. Again, *Aunt Polly* was straight Puritan; but *Tom Sawyer* was familiar with a conception of conduct which was otherwise—a conflict amusing, mellowing and tragic when we think of the life of the author. The humor that was Lincoln's, the humanity of John Hay and of McKinley, the drollery of the Hoosier school and the geniality of our honored Chief Justice, these things could never have come straight from New England, as of course they did not. They came from the Virginian—the Southern—strain, which, if not dominant, is equally strong and abiding.

Upon this element also, the Middle West has worked its own change. All that glamorous, characteristically Southern outlook upon life, has been amplified by the influence of a country in which Nature naturally smiles and all the world seems bent on rewarding the worker. The result has found expression in that aura of heartiness, assurance and cock-sureness which is sometimes spoken of as characteristically Midwestern.

That these elements have not been welded, but exist separately and often in conflict, is revealed in everyday experience. For while your hostess may be painfully Puritan in all but dress, strictly dutiful to the old conceptions, still you may find that her husband serves wine regularly at dinner, or would like to, that he gambles conservatively in the Washingtonian manner, loves an open house and a full table, tells a great story and goes to church somewhat as a social gesture. In business also, he may be—and is likely to be—most genial and courteous; whereas his brother perhaps, heir of the other strain, will not say yes, will not say no, will not say anything, not even good-by. Salesmen come away from his office muttering, "What kind of a guy is that anyway?" But his friends love him for his "Coolidgeness," and measure themselves by his integrity. Capping the climax

will be his wife, one of these universally beloved, socially expert people who hobnobs gracefully and deliciously with motormen, garagemen and butchers and who is invited everywhere by every one, from the governor of the State up or down.

In my own case, if you will pardon it, this conflict made a little personal history before I knew anything about it or much about anything else. My parents were carrying me down the aisle to be baptized. My mother would have named me Preserved, or Timothy or Chileab. But my father had different ideas. When the preacher asked what name the child should have, Mother said one thing, Father another. And perhaps because the preacher couldn't understand the name that Mother said he gave me the one that Dad pronounced. And the Puritan aggregation of aunts and grandparents and sisters came pouring down the aisle, indignant at the mistake that had been made. But fortunately, the damage had been done. The name could not be changed to Chileab.

The conflict has continued. I am organically incapable of many things. All this elaborate rigmarole and philosophy of a house run just exactly so, all this complicated ritual of shutting doors and turning off lights and regulating the furnace to a hair's-breadth, so as to save coal, I cannot comprehend. All this meticulous hewing to the line in every unimportant detail which the Puritan mind postulates as the first prerequisite of salvation and respectability, I cannot even grasp. I exist in permanent violation of the whole business. And believe me, the situation becomes taut as a banjo string, at times. If it were not for certain Southern confederates within the household, I would be in rather a bad way. And when I note that half of the Puritan half of the family—that is, my mother's brothers—returned to the East in their early twenties and have continued to live there, I realize that the conflict of West with East is poignant to others as well as myself. There is something perhaps in the ease with which we live and look upon life, or something in the great fertility and fecundity of our country that is scandalous to the Puritan mind. Or perhaps it is our mental sterility, our intellectual vacuity that drives these "back-trailers from the Middle Border" back to the East again. At any rate, the Southern branch of us stays on here, and all their cousins and their uncles and their aunts. They seem to like it, seem essentially of it.

But there is something more here in the Middle West than the conflict of old traditions. There is something not quite indigenous, but so thoroughly organic with the life, that it seems to be the essential part of its character. In the light of it, I cannot help feeling that the Middle West is a distinct country with a character all its own, the foremost expression of an ideal that is found in other realms only to a limited extent.

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We think of the modern age as the age of progress. We say that mankind has made more progress in the last century than in all the centuries before. This, as historians tell us, appears to have been due both to accident and design. Inventions happened; they occasioned a new philosophy which gave a new impetus

to science, which brought about more inventions. As the Middle West was being settled at the beginning of this modern era, by men imbued with the new philosophy and with an enthusiasm for invention, it was inevitable that it should rise as the foremost expression of this new era in the life of mankind.

The vision that is here, stretches back many centuries. But it takes its first definite beginnings in the writings of Francis Bacon. As John Bagnell Bury points out in his book, "The Idea of Progress," Bacon was the first to break definitely with the past in this matter of progress. In fact he started something. All Utopians before him had pictured the law of their ideal Utopian realms as something immutable, unchangeable, as unchallengeable as the divine right of kings. In Plato's "Republic," the heads of the city were metaphysicians who regulated the welfare of the people by abstract doctrines established by them once and for all and never questioned. In More's "Utopia," the law was laid down changeless and immutable by *Utopus*, the law-giver. Campanella conceived the institutions of his "Civitas Solis" as created by the fiat of a single law-giver. But Bacon postulated in his "New Atlantis" a college of scientific investigators who were always discovering new truths that might alter the conditions and rules of life and conduct. This was a new conception. According to his view, the authority for the laws of the realm should be derived—not from some absolute source—God, metaphysics, the Highest Good—but from an interrogation of Nature and from considerations of the common good. This is the modern view. Since Bacon's time, theology has furnished less and less of the authority for government; science and humanitarianism, more and more.

There were reasons for this new expression. The compass, the printing-press and gunpowder had just been invented. From these great inventions man had caught a glimpse of a vast future in store for him, a future wherein the lot of mankind could be improved by continual scientific invention, a future in which man, by virtue of his increasing knowledge, could reach up toward that ideal state formerly considered possible only for the gods. That is to say, the idea of human progress as it came to be understood later, was here brought forth for the first time in definite recognizable form.

By the opening of the eighteenth century, events moved toward a further expression of the idea. In 1737 Abbé de Saint-Pierre published his "Observations on the Continuous Progress of Universal Reason." And here, as Bury writes, "we have for the first time, expressed in definite terms, the vista of an immensely long progressive life in front of humanity. Civilization is only in its infancy. . . . The Abbé was the first to fix his eyes on the remote destinies of the race. . . ." By shaking off its inertia and taking thought, wrote Saint-Pierre, mankind could do more in one hundred years to improve its condition than it has done in the past two thousand years—a prophecy that may be said to have come true.

The doctrine spread. It throed to the birth of an ecstasy. Leaders of mankind saw the vision and swore that it should be fulfilled, the crea-

tion of a state in which disease, poverty and sin, wrong and injustice and oppression should be banished forever and in which "the innocence of the morning should no longer be strange to our maturity." Writers and thinkers saw "the common people moving up." They saw a state in which workmen and artisans should no longer be mere tools for the convenience of the state as Plato pictured them, but individuals! They saw a state where the divine right of kings, the immutability of laws, the differences of rank and authority and all the rest of the historic conception should be swept into the rubbish heap. They saw a state where, with the help of science, the good things of this life would be possible not only for the few but for the many, and where the ultimate authority for government would be in the people.

The soil and soul of France stirred. Writers began to push their pens. The Encyclopædists took up the torch. Morellet and Mercier and Chastellux began to prepare the way for Mirabeau, and Danton. From countless sources came voices swelling the chorus which challenged the church as the accepted authority and which put in its stead nature, science and the common good.

All this—as Charles A. and Mary Beard tell us in their most excellent "Rise of American Civilization"—was known in America. It was known especially to Jefferson and the Virginians. Translations of French works came from American presses, and American pens and voices joined in the movement. The greatest evidence of this is the Declaration. It was a definite breaking away not only from the old authority of religion, but also from the old religion. As the Beards say, "It was not Cotton Mather's God to whom the authors of the Declaration of Independence appealed; it was to 'Nature's God.'" And that document broke a great path through to the future of mankind when it declared for the first time for man's inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Following the Declaration came Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," a powerful support for the doctrine of progress, celebrating opulence and comfort as the great aim of statecraft. Thomas Paine inflamed the imagination of America with the doctrines which later appeared formally in his "Rights of Man." Franklin, wearing the mantle of the intellectual leadership of this country, subordinated philosophy and science to the common good and prophesied a society in which the power of man should triumph over matter, in which industry, agriculture and transportation should be carried on with great efficiency and in which disease should be conquered, "not excepting that of old age, and our lives lengthened at pleasure beyond the antediluvian standard."

When Franklin died, the mantle of intellectual leadership, according to the Beards, fell upon Jefferson. And Jefferson put his theories in practical form in his statute for religious liberty and in his agitation for free schools and general compulsory education. He was the leading exponent of the idea of progress through "the people moving up," and through the improvement of

the lot of mankind by scientific invention.

Jefferson's party was the party of Virginia, of the South and the West; witness his Virginia and Kentucky resolution and the support given him and his successors by these sections. Jefferson's conception of the new order, his philosophy and his social religion were embraced by his political followers. Jackson appeared as his fiery reincarnation in the West. The war of 1812 was waged by the South and the West to enhance the great agricultural empire and extend it into Canada, Florida and even into Mexico. Virginia, the West and the South stood united upon Jefferson's doctrines and were able to put their candidates into office.

New England, on the other hand, still the stronghold of the old Federalism, was conservative in every way that the word implies; she was unmoved by the French and Virginian vision of a new social order. She looked upon Napoleon as Anti-Christ and was scandalized and somewhat panic-striken by the upheavals in Europe occasioned by these new doctrines. New England was against the new social philosophy, was against the war, looked to Great Britain as "the world's last hope," and made known her protest against the action of the South and West in the famous Hartford convention.

But the West and South—both dominantly agrarian—continued under the Virginian—the Jeffersonian—influence. They were in fact political bed-fellows, bound together by the same interests and beliefs, dominated by the same enthusiasms, inspired by the same vision. The action of South Carolina in 1832 was the first rift in their alliance. And log-rolling and political schemes and schisms of all sorts tore them apart in the years leading to the Civil War. But the fact remains that the Middle West was conceived by Virginians, that it was born under Jeffersonian influence and that it has grown and flourished largely as the child of the Jeffersonian doctrines of human and political existence and of the modern theory of progress.

Have you ever stood in a tobacco warehouse as the auctioneer and the buyers came walking down the aisles between the piles of tobacco, buying and selling as they walked? Have you ever watched a farmer when his tobacco sold for thirty-five cents a pound instead of the fifteen cents that he had expected? Have you seen him jump in the air, crack his heels together and shout and yell as though he were calling hogs all the way from Jericho? And rightly so. For in that moment, the aspect of his life—or of the next year of his life—was changed, altered, glorified into something desirable, inspiring, heavenly.

Such must have been the feeling of the pioneers in the Middle West as they gathered the first harvest from their corn land—thirty, forty, fifty bushels to the acre and even more, as the land undoubtedly yielded when it was fresh. They, too, must have shouted—and run and jumped. They must have rushed with great strides to the house and to the neighbors telling the good news. For in contrast to the ten, fifteen or twenty bushels they had been accustomed to, here was a harvest that

was two and three times the amount. And here, where such corn grew, they suddenly realized was the promised land. Here was the Word fulfilled and the prophecy justified. Here was a land where God himself by a fruitfulness incomparable would help man realize the new dream that had just been born in his heart, the vision of a society wherein the worker would no longer be a mere economic slave, but an individual rewarded in a degree comparable to his ability and effort.

Consciously or subconsciously, those pioneers saw that vision. With that first harvest came an ecstasy, an inspiration, a sudden quickening —the crystallization of former faint hopes into a definite expectancy. With one heart men joined in a great community of effort to build a country where freedom, equality and fraternity should be not only dreams, but realized realities. With the humble husbandman now an owner and not a slave, and with his crops bringing him substantial wealth and not mere pittances, the Middle West moved forward under a new birth of freedom in a land that by its nature was of, by and for the people.

That is the essence of the Middle West. I doubt if its importance is fully realized. People will tell you that we are very stupid folk, getting our chief amusement out of watching the trains go by. But have you ever talked with the people who watch those trains? Have you heard them tell how thirty years ago there was no railroad through their town and how they worked all together—friend and enemy shoulder to shoulder—to bring the railroad through? Has the president of the bank told you how he and everybody else swung a pick on that railroad and sang the section-hand song to help along the construction? That railroad is part of the work of their hands. It has helped build the country of their dreams.

People will tell you that we are all Babbitts. Well, yes, perhaps and even probably. For *Babbitt*—if you remember—went repeatedly to the window of his house and looked out at the spires of the city, the spires that were rising in grandeur to glorify and dignify the conception of a country that held and enthralled him and his neighbors.

People will tell you that we are all "boosters." Very naturally, we are. Yes, sir. Blanksburg has the widest and most generous Main Street, the most human and most progressive bankers, the finest and most numerous municipal play-grounds, the best community golf courses, the greatest non-pedigreed "plain-dawg" dog-show in the world, with the best prizes for the biggest dog and the smallest dog and the whitest dog and the blackest; we have the brightest newsboys, the best sand-lot ball league in the country, the biggest classes in our art institute, the greenest grass on our lawns and the biggest flower-boxes on the bridges of any city in the country. And we began something here—yes, sir, the first community chest in all the world, or the first American civic music league or something like that. We believe we are starting other things. We get a great kick out of looking at the rather remarkable pictures that the kinky-haired daughter of our cook has learned to paint. We think her interest and her

ability in this represent an advance. We get a great satisfaction out of knowing that the homes of the workers in this city—white, colored and foreign—are comfortable bungalows set in attractive surroundings, well kept, most of them competing for prizes offered by various welfare agencies. We are proud of our commission form of government, of our school system, our police force and fire department; we get a bit of inspiration out of the belief—which may be partly erroneous—that the rights and abilities of each and every citizen are considered here.

We are proud of these things. They are part of the vision, as is also our business activity. As Lincoln came out of the Middle West proclaiming for justice in human relations, so Gary came—proclaiming for justice and equity in business. He broke through—for the first time—the doctrine that business is business, declaring for the rights of minority stock-holders and for open diplomacy in business. Hard on his heels came a new brand of activity, called welfare or mutual-interest work, originating in the Middle West. It was a social impulse working itself out on a plane of sound business. It declared that workers had the right to certain things, and further, that they became better workers if given them—that is, better wages, attractive surroundings, proper housing, proper amusement facilities and the right sort of motivation. And finally came the doctrine that real human intelligence and esthetics and humanitarianism had a place in business.

Dreams? Yes. The old dreams, dreams working themselves out on a sound industrial basis, the dream of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men. Part of our old religion and some of the tenets of our old theology have perhaps broken down. In their place we put this vision enunciated by Francis Bacon, developed by the French, by Jefferson and the Virginians, by Adam Smith and others, fostered by the conditions in this country, stated in definite words by Lincoln, enshrined by our countrymen ever since. We are no longer bound very much by the old laws; still we cling fast to many things. For we know that here everything will be all right if *we* continue right. It is too big an opportunity to be jeopardized.

It took—after all—a Briton to see the thing. "I do not know," said David Lloyd George, "how much is known here of that great Middle West of America, but it has got the healthiest kind of conscience to be found in the world. It was that conscience which abolished slavery, and I believe it will ultimately abolish the savagery of war."

This is but the dream and the vision carried one step further. And it was because the corn harvest helped in that dream that the old-timer died happy, thanking God for a condition that helped the corn, though it killed him.

VIGIL

WILBERT SNOW

Alone on the windy wharf, a Paisley shawl
Drawn tightly down her cheeks, forefingers clutching
Convulsively the folds at her fluttering breast,
The lower corners flapping in the breeze.
Her tear-filled eyes, like the clouds above her head,
Disturbed and moving, strained toward open water,
Watching to see along the blurred horizon
A fishing-boat return that rowed away
Early that morning; now, late at night, caught down
To leeward in the equinoctial gale.

Three times their supper had been warmed, and three
Times she had set it on the back of the stove,
While she went out to pace the trembling wharf
And listen for the oars against the thole-pins
Above the hissing of the wind-lashed waves—
Listen and strain—while the lines in her face were deepening
Their channels like the cove as she imagined
Their bodies fathoms deep, to be brought in
A fortnight hence, so battered that the caskets
Could not be opened in the little parlor.
There loomed also the loneliness of years
Stretching before her, with her other five
To be brought up somehow—God only knew.

Her terror slackened—she heard the tell-tale spank
As the dory's bottom flattened on a wave.
Weary and wet, but loaded to the gunnels
They made the wharf at one; the biggest catch
Of haddock their six trawls had ever swayed to
Lay bulging like gray waves on a wintry sea.

At sight of her the two cried, "Mother, come!"
The son beside himself with eager joy,
The husband sobered somewhat by the storm.
But she, as soon as she beheld them safe,
Collapsed upon the wharf, her vigil over.
The men, amazed, forsook their tying up,
A puzzled wistful whiteness tremulously
Appearing at the corners of their mouths.
The wind and waves were conquered, but the woman
Slumped in a pile above her faded shawl
There on the wharf baffled their seamanship.
They raised her tenderly and led her home,
One on each side, and set her gently down
In the big arm-chair beside the kitchen stove,
Poured her a cup of tea, and fell asleep,
While she all night lay shuddering with the gale.

Fighting for Its Life

The Remarkable and Romantic Story of Helgoland

Sydney A. Clark

Some twenty-six thousand years ago this old world warmed up to such an extent that the solid ice-cap reaching southward from Scandinavia to Denmark and Germany was rolled back. It left far out in the North Sea a curious island which ever since that time has fought a losing fight with a newly awakened enemy, the sea itself. The fight still goes on and it is a battle worth watching. One more violent storm, while it could not materially reduce the area of the island itself, could destroy its life nerve and wipe its only source of revenue out of existence. Helgoland in every way, politically as well as geologically, is a curiosity.

Scientists assert that when the fight first began, the area of the island was five times as great as it is to-day. Perhaps this is no more than a scientific guess, but for the last hundred years it has been possible to measure the shrinkage accurately. Until 1892 when Germany, having newly acquired the island, set about in earnest to prevent its annihilation, the annual shrinkage amounted roughly to half an acre each decade. Millions of marks were spent in the construction of protecting walls of granite brought from the Danish island of Bornholm, and the annual shrinkage after 1892 was reduced by very nearly a half. But in the fall of 1926 a terrific storm tore a great hole in the unprotected northeastern side of the island, and Germany is now pouring forth additional millions to continue the wall in this quarter. Eventually Helgoland will be almost completely ringed about with granite.

Even these heroic measures however can only delay the disintegration, as other and more elusive elements coöperate with the sea in the work of destruction. The body of the island, the *Oberland* as it is called to distinguish it from the sandy and protected *Unterland*, is composed of red cliffs of sandstone, chalk and marl rising sheer two hundred feet from the sea. Chemical action of the atmosphere and of various acids robs the sandstone of its natural cement (calcium carbonate) and so weakens it that when rain and frost make their attacks they find an easy victim.

But all this is comparatively slow work, and at the present rate of shrinkage with the new granite girdle, the island should last for some forty centuries, quite a respectable span. A far greater peril and one which looms portentiously over the two thousand native Helgolanders who cling with passionate affection to their island life, is the imminent destruction of their sand-dune, a

curious little bar of sand that at high tide rises only a few feet out of the water. This lies a mile or so to the east of the island. It is only a shadow of its former self and its decline is alarming, for it provides almost the sole means of livelihood for the two thousand islanders.

To understand this, it is necessary to trace in a few words the chain of circumstances, political and otherwise, which has led to the situation. When the history of the island emerges to a place where it becomes of interest, we find certain powerful dukes of Schleswig in mortal struggle with the Hanseatic League for the possession of the island's valuable herring fisheries. The dukes finally overcame the Hanse merchants and then the herring, as if gifted with a keen sense of humor, deserted the Helgoland waters never to reappear.

The dukes then lost all interest in the island, which knocked about under various ownerships for two centuries. By that time another source of revenue had been developed. To the northwest of the sand-dune rose a cliff called in the Friesian tongue of the islanders *Wittklipp* or White Cliff. It was found to contain chalk of a highly valuable quality. Operations on the cliff were begun and they gradually attained large proportions. At times over a hundred cargo vessels lay in the harbor. This inevitably aroused greed. The Danish king claimed the island and attacked the House of Gottorp, which then actually possessed it. While the outcome of the struggle was in doubt nature again played a practical joke, this time fraught with tragedy. A great storm in 1711 actually overthrew the White Cliff or what was left of it after decades of intensive mining. To-day only at the lowest tides are vestiges of it discernible. Through that one storm it became a memory instead of an active and war-provoking source of wealth.

One might laugh at the discomfiture of the dukes and kings, but for the Helgolanders this trick of nature was a grim tragedy and it carried with it a whole train of future tragedies. The chalk industry had been the main excuse for a stone causeway built with great effort to form a haven by connecting the mainland with the Dune. This wall served in turn to protect the Dune. With the destruction of the White Cliff the demolishing of the causeway was only a matter of time. In 1720 the sea accomplished this with great thoroughness. No longer was there a cliff of chalk, no longer a causeway and a secure haven. The Helgolanders, continually forced to seek other means of livelihood, developed the business of pilotage. The island lies about fifty miles from shore midway between the Elbe and the Weser, and lent itself to this business, which, however, proved precarious as a means of livelihood for two thousand persons. Lobster-catching and bird-catching supplemented pilotage. On the entire German coast lobsters are found nowhere except beside the cliffs of Helgoland. And as a half-way house for migrating birds the island has proved of the keenest interest to ornithologists.

Pilotage and the catching of birds and crustaceans scarcely sufficed to keep body and soul together for the Helgolanders. But presently there came even to this distant island the

shadow of the Little Corporal. Glorious times were in store for Helgoland and a glorious new industry, that of smuggling. When Napoleon issued his famous Berlin and Milan decrees prohibiting commerce between England and the Continent, Helgoland came into its own, and was known as Little London. Over a hundred and forty British merchant houses built stations on the island and it became the central nerve of the great smuggling industry whereby England sought to nullify Napoleon's proclamations. It should be mentioned casually that it was at this time, 1807, that the island fell into England's hands. The whole proceeding was indeed casual. The island belonged at the moment to Denmark, but England needed it and took it—without even declaring war on Denmark.

The period of English rule was on the whole a happy one for the islanders. They were very jealous of their ancient rights, which exempted them from taxes and outside military duty and gave them local autonomy in minor matters. The English respected these rights and helped the people in many ways. It was in 1826, while under English rule, that a native Helgolander, Jacob Andresen Siemens, established the sea-baths which have to-day become the chief and almost the only source of revenue. It is the sea-baths that lead us to the absorbing question of the preservation of the Dune—and on it hangs the future, the very life of Helgoland.

In the hundred years that have elapsed since Siemens, really a business general of a high order, founded the sea-baths, there has been one frightful hiatus in their orderly development. This hiatus began August 9, 1890 and ended November 11, 1918. On the first date England ceded the island to Germany in exchange for German claims to certain East African possessions, notably Zanzibar. A cartoon from a German periodical of that date shows John Bull sitting expansively on Zanzibar and dropping a lump of sugar of the shape of Helgoland into a cup of medicine held by Germania. The caption reads: "John Bull sweetens the bitter drink by a piece of sugar."

But Germany was willing to accept the drink, for she had need of Helgoland. It was a steady march from that date forward to the completion of the fortifications and the harbor which made Helgoland one of the military wonders of the world. The island became the darling of the fleet and its inhabitants had no need to think of their sea-baths. A steady flow of revenue came to them indirectly from the tremendous operations which Germany undertook. But from 1914 to 1918 the people paid dearly for their period of good fortune. With only a few hours warning they were compelled to vacate their homes, carrying only hand luggage with them. There is not space here to tell of their bitter miseries during the next four years. It was weeks before the meager dole which was allotted them began to come through, because, as it appears, their letters and their pleas to the authorities were lost in a flood of congratulatory despatches on the arrival of *der Tag*. The Hamburg-Amerika Line played Good Samaritan and gave the Helgolanders one of its warehouses as a shelter. All the islanders born

before 1890 were exempt from military service. They are of old Friesian stock and consider themselves semi-independent because of *die alten Rechte* which by treaty England passed on with the island to Germany, and which the Kaiser, with more enthusiasm than forethought, guaranteed in a grandiloquent speech when he took possession.

With the armistice and the Treaty of Versailles came the demolition of the great fortifications and the military harbor. For three or four years the intermittent roar of dynamite unsettled the life of the island. Then followed the financial inflation, and finally the real peace and the revival of the old forgotten sea-baths. Without them the island would rapidly become bankrupt. They attract many thousand visitors during the three summer months and these visitors directly or indirectly provide the sole support of the natives.

But the sea-baths are on that little strip of sand called *die Düne*. It is a magnificent beach rising like a miracle just above the high water line. The fantastic cliffs of Helgoland are in the foreground a mile distant. The North Sea, forever brewing trouble, is all around. The protecting White Cliff is gone. The protecting wall is gone. The Dune is shrinking. In 1926 the sea snatched a greedy bite from it. Something should be done, but the Prussian government and the Helgolanders are at odds, and the years slip by. The "Helgoland Question" is a serious and an imminent one. Prussia quite naturally is growing tired of pouring out marks by the million for the benefit of an island which has lost all its military importance, and whose inhabitants escape the income tax and practically all other taxes because of the old treaty obligations which Germany, to do her justice, has fairly well remembered. Helgoland cannot save her Dune. Her slender resources would amount to nothing. Prussia will not, except to a limited extent and in her own way, do anything. Her plan seems to the Helgolanders of dubious merit and perhaps more likely to hasten the destruction of the Dune than to save it.

Last summer I spent some time on this captivating island of the North Sea. I walked the promenades of the *Oberland* and rejoiced that Germany, whatever her motives, has insured long life to the main island, now about a hundred acres in extent. I went to the Dune again and again and had as perfect surf-bathing as I have ever enjoyed. I walked often to the threatened northern end and inspected the ravages of the 1926 storm. Will the problem be thrashed out and the means of salvation found before it is too late? It makes the visitor long to do something, to go even to the length of digging into his pocket for a few futile dollars. Back on the main island of an evening, listening to the outdoor concert of the Kursaal orchestra, his mind is still on the Dune.

As he eventually walks out on the dock to take a motor-boat to his departing steamer he passes under a great sign which reads: *Kumme We'er*. This is old Helgolandish for "Come Again," and he is not likely to decline if circumstances make his coming half way possible. When he does return will the Dune still be there?

Intellectual Carelessness

Accuracy as a Value in Our Higher Education

Charles Franklin Thwing

The higher education is primarily concerned with the intellect. Other conditions and forces than the intellectual belong to the higher education, such as the moral and esthetic, but the intellectual makes a peculiar appeal and has a peculiar significance.

And what is the intellectual? Is it not to seek truth, to distinguish truth from untruth, and both from untruthfulness; to compare truth with truth and to induce new truths; to weigh evidence; to judge; to analyze; to infer; to classify; to understand proportional values; to consider relations; to apply the law of causality; to interpret fully and fairly; to be honest with one's mind and not simply with one's conscience; and to conclude a reasoning process with certainty and accuracy? Negatively, is it not to avoid sentimentalism; to eliminate clap-trap; to cast out the interesting as interesting; to eliminate the soft, the easy, the "snap" course; to subordinate desire; to curb appetite; to expel laziness; to cease to emphasize "activities"? Comprehensively, the intellectual stands for cubical thinking, for thinking in three dimensions, for thinking in breadth, more for thinking in height, and most for thinking in depth, of relations. The intellectual means a scholarship which is both discriminating and comprehensive, a scholarship inclusive of fact, embracing wisdom in method, thoroughness in research, nobility in vision, and constructiveness in conclusion. And all these elements, so diverse, so many, are well summed up in the simple phrase—"Intellectual accuracy."

Are our colleges and higher schools creating this force and disciplining this quality? I wish I could say that such a creation, such a discipline were dominant. For is it not a fact that intellectual slovenliness, intellectual carelessness is a characteristic mark of the intellectual processes of our youths? Has not the purpose of "getting by" rather than of getting down to the truth, or of getting up to the highest achievement, come to possess the youthful mind and will? Are not correctness and thoroughness in learning made a taboo, and has not precision of word and accuracy of fact come to be classed with "prunes and prisms"? A distinguished professor in the law school of an historic university has lately written to me, saying, "I am just in the midst of reading some three hundred examination papers, and am profoundly depressed over the failure of our educational processes.

This age of democracy in which we live may have much to commend it, but it has taken away any distinction that used to be attached to the term 'college graduate.' I have lost all respect for the term. This and similar circumstances have thrown a serious damper upon my former ambition to make the Law School an exclusively graduate school." President Coolidge, at the 150th anniversary of Phillips Academy at Andover last year, said, "Two great tests in mental discipline are accuracy and honesty. It is far better to master a few subjects thoroughly than to have a mass of generalizations about many subjects. The world will have little use for those who are right only a part of the time. Whatever may be the standards of the class-room, practical life will require something more than sixty per cent or seventy per cent for a passing mark. The standards of the world are not like those set by the Faculty, but more closely resemble those set by the student body themselves. They are not at all content with a member of the musical organizations who can strike only ninety per cent of the notes. They do not tolerate the man on the diamond who catches only eighty per cent of the balls. The standards which the student body set are high. They want accuracy that is well-nigh complete."

The intimation given by President Coolidge regarding the low passing mark can be made broad. Most colleges allow students to pass with a mark of sixty per cent as a standard for intellectual knowledge and intellectual processes.

This low grade is begun with the very beginning, or before the very beginning, of the college course. The College Entrance Examination Board is a doorway through which most students, who are examined for college, enter. In June of the year 1927 the board examined 22,384 candidates. These candidates wrote 74,957 answer books. Apparently no less than thirty-five per cent of the books received marks of fifty-nine per cent or lower. In individual subjects the record is a pretty sorry one. In "modern European history" the rating of more than one half of the candidates was less than sixty per cent. In "Latin poets" just one half fell below this passing mark. In "two-year Greek" no less than seventy-five per cent were below sixty, and in "third-year German" exactly half. In "solid geometry" the deficient ones were more than seventy per cent, less than twenty-eight per cent passing. I have selected subjects in which lower marks predominate. In certain of the higher ranges of these studies, the showing is better. In a few, a hundred per cent of the candidates received a passing mark. These damaging testimonies might be greatly multiplied both in quantity, diversity and degree. Do they not prove that accuracy is not a mark of our intellectual methods and affairs even at the very commencement of the larger intellectual life?

Do the American people understand the significance of such inaccuracy and inaccuracies, such intellectual weaknesses, slovenliness and slipshodness as a part of our higher education? Does the American home appreciate the fact that its son or daughter may become a stu-

dent in the best American colleges knowing only three fifths of each of the subjects they are supposed to know? Does the tax-payer understand that not a small share of those who enter the colleges each year are guilty of such ignorances, inadequacies and incompetencies?

Of course, a "pass" mark at Oxford or Cambridge is one thing. It is not for me now to question the wisdom of the historic condition and method; but a merely passing mark, a low grade, in an American college is quite a different matter. For the student who, on entering the American college, is negligent of his opportunity and faithless to his duties, is shutting the door in the face of other students of greater ability, inspired by a nobler zeal, and quickened by a determination to get the most out of the college. The faithless, or only partially faithful, man or woman in the American college is a bar and obstruction to the highest scholarly movements and developments of the whole American community.

The causes of this lamentable condition are possibly more serious than is the condition itself, serious as that condition is. The causes are, of course, manifold, yet of them I wish to point out four, and only four. First, the content of the curriculum in both fitting school and college has passed over, and is continuing to pass over, from studies demanding exactness in learning and thinking to studies allowing generalities in learning and vagueness in interpretation: studies which sacrifice depth of reflection to breadth of interpretation. Students in the undergraduate colleges are failing to emphasize the mathematical and physical sciences. They are electing the modern languages, history, sociology, economics and psychology. Not for one instant would I be understood to depreciate the value of such studies. These subjects have tremendous worth and a necessary place in our educational system. But every historian and every sociologist would acknowledge that his subjects do not necessitate the accuracy of understanding or of reflection that geometry, calculus and physics require—they do not demand thinking to a point. The historian and sociologist may say that their subjects discipline qualities and elements of the mind more important than accuracy; but even with such granting, the seriousness of the lack of accuracy may also be acknowledged. Almost sixty years ago, President Eliot, in his inaugural address, said that "to observe keenly, to reason soundly, and to imagine vividly" are essential duties. Each study should promote the securing of these three great conclusions. "To observe keenly," however, is a result especially won by mathematics and the physical sciences.

A second cause, closely related to the preceding, concerns the unrelatedness of the courses and the scattered studies that the students select. These studies often seem to bear only slight relation to each other. One student may have such a diversity as French, modern history, psychology, music and sociology. Such studies, good as they are, stand for extension and diversity, and not for depth. They represent breadth of information rather than accurate thinking. Diffusion stands for superficial knowledge,

concentration stands for power. Scattering in studies tends to make a scatter-brain.

A third cause, found in the public schools, relates to the necessity of promoting pupils from one grade or year to the following year or grade. The pressure in each school, or in each grade in a school, for simple physical room for pupils is immense. Each new class is larger than the preceding. Therefore, the governing authorities declare "we cannot afford room or money for the derelicts." The sixth grade must go on to the seventh to make room for the incoming fifth. Therefore, the unlearned, the unlearning, the careless, the slovenly, the indifferent are pushed onward and upward. In some schools and grades the teacher is required not to "fail" more than ten per cent of a graduating class. Such a mood and movement prepare the way for intellectual slovenliness in the higher forms of our education.

A further cause, and it is the last I shall name, relates to the inadequacy of the tests and examinations which the schools give. These tests are likely to be tests of information. They are not tests which prove the exactness of the student's understanding, or the comprehensiveness of his judgment, or his power to weigh evidence. Too many schools moreover give no examinations at all.

And what constructive suggestions can be made for casting out this demon of inaccuracy which besets our higher and other education? The causes of it which I have just named indicate also the methods of removal. First, let the studies which the students elect for themselves, or which teachers or parents elect for them, be of the severer type—the severer type which demands thinking, hard and solid. Second, let these studies represent subjects having continuity and close relations. Let these studies necessitate intellectual concentration on the part of the student. Let the student, and let us all, know that mere knowledge is of slight value in education; let it be declared from the housetops that the *process* of securing knowledge is of the utmost worth. In the third place we should have proper facilities for the proper doing of our whole educational work. These proper facilities represent before all else a proper number of teachers of fitting ability, character and training, rooms and buildings of proper size and condition for teaching and for learning. Classes are altogether too large for the individual teacher. Classes should be cut down to one half the usual size. Buildings are altogether too small for the work that ought to be done. Of course the immediate conclusion is that the taxes for education, which are now at least one fourth of all the taxes of the ordinary town and city, should be doubled. Such a lifting of standards and enlargement of facilities would tend to remove the American girl and boy from the atmosphere of half-faithfulness to the atmosphere of full doing of full work, to the mood of proper performance of their every duty. A fourth method for the inculcation of accuracy lies in the constant obligation of making examinations real tests of power of thinking, and not mere searchings into the attaining or failing to attain knowledge. But in addition, and far more important, let the colleges,

and let the College Entrance Examination Board—a body of utmost worth in American education—raise their marks and ratings of passing from sixty or sixty-five per cent to seventy-five or eighty per cent. Let these institutions and agencies declare that the third-class student has no prescribed right for entering or for staying in college. The mere pass man has, be it acknowledged, certain reasonable claims. But whatever may be his claims in the past, whatever may be his claims at Oxford or Cambridge, a mere pass mark is not sufficient for entrance into, or for staying in, the American college.

Such a lifting of standards would have at least three advantages. First, it would tend to remove the current charge that the college is simply a gentlemen's club (good as that is); it would present and represent the college to the people as an intellectual training ground, as a genuine school of real culture, as a force constructive of life's fundamental and essential elements. Second, it would tend to make teaching more direct in method, more scholarly in content and more effective upon the minds of students. Third, it would ultimately lift the whole American community unto a better appreciation of the noblest thinking, of the worthiest living, and of the richest and most accurate scholarship which the higher education can offer. It would help to do away with the too common belief that the college is a superfluity, an anomaly, in American life. It would aid in proving that the American college is an absolute necessity in American life.

Blue Gentian

Suspicion Grew Out of an Innocent Situation and Fear Did the Rest

William Hurlbut

She was glad to be up there for the summer. The Vermont hills shut away the fear. She had the sense of secureness, of protection she had felt as a little girl in the inclosed garden of her father's house. Oh yes, it was going to be nice. The fields were spread to the early summer sun on the hillsides. The slopes rose and fell, and where the hills dipped enough to see beyond them there were other hills lying off in the blue.

From the doorway where Mrs. Dowe was standing the land dropped easily away to the village—only a few houses and the store and the white church-spire, naïvely formal, cutting among great maple-trees. But even as glistening white as was the church-spire against the green, it was less than white beside the cloud forms in the sky. And there was a garden! Her eyes became serene as she looked to the spot where the flowers grew.

Abbie Medcrow had made the garden: "whether the place rents again this season or not." But it had rented. And here were her summer tenants, Jason Dowe and his wife, New Yorkers. From Columbia University, where he was a professor of something; Abbie didn't recall what. But nice people.

Mrs. Medcrow came around the shed end of the house now. She had come across by way of the pasture wall and the orchard from her own house. A smile came to her face as she saw Mrs. Dowe standing by the door. Abbie was a large woman; the contours of her face, which bleak winters and long working-hours in summer might have made angular and sour, were broadened with a genial resignation

"I see you're looking down the valley way, Mrs. Dowe. Pretty sight. I like it off the other side of the house too, through the orchard and that peak up toward Bareback Mountain. You must run acrost any time you feel lonesome," she added.

"I don't believe I *am* going to be lonesome! It's lovely. I like it. And the garden—! Tell me, Mrs. Medcrow—" The two women turned to the garden. It was nearly two hours later when they parted and Abbie went back home.

"Now you see it's a good thing I took the trouble to plant them flowers!" she said to her husband that evening at supper. "Helps to rent the place."

"Don't know how you'd call it helping when they didn't even know at all whether there was a garden or not."

His wife was silent for a moment. She moved the tea-kettle back. "Maybe she sensed it."

"Huh?" And then replying to himself, "Shuh—!"

Winnie Dowe turned away from the flowers and walked back toward the house. The house was sort of fun too! And one day soon—the first rainy day—she'd go up into that attic. She had the impulse to run up there now and poke about and see what odd old things might be there, but she said no, I'll save that up. Because there'll be rainy days. Maybe this old place will start me collecting antiques! She ought to have some real interest like that. Some one thing. It might develop her mind. . . . She stopped where she was, and her eyes ceased seeing the tightly square old house against the blue; seeing was shut off; anxiety stirred in her consciousness and suddenly rose, enveloping.

She was back in New York at the beginning of the past winter. It had been at the Carrols' Sunday afternoon when a few people had come in for tea: if only it could have happened that she and Jason had not gone to the Carrols' that Sunday! Other Sundays *she* might not have come there. So many things might have prevented their having met her. . . . Still— The softly covered cords in her childlike throat rose, straining as the long breath of a sigh lifted her chest and exhaled itself. A woman like May Allington had so much. She had looks, she was really beautiful—beautiful. And she had a brilliant mind, her mind was developed. She talked so well. Charmingly and at the same time intellectually. And it wasn't superficial; Winnie knew that. How could a man like Jason help being— She felt the fluttering clutch in her heart. Life seemed to be a stream of poison flowing through space.

She moved on with slow steps through the newly cut grass; it had grown high to be ready for hay, and the Medcrows had cut it here in front of the house when they had rented the place for the summer. And she wondered if she and Jason would be coming here for more summers; if— The thought of those summers to come!—could she hold Jason year after year? And how could she face the having to hold him! Not that May Allington was trying to get Jason, not that Jason was straining toward May Allington. Not yet. It was just that she herself seemed to be a little in advance of time, that her heart had a prevision. It had always been said of her that she was imaginative; maybe it was only imagination. But yet—she had seen them together. She had seen the interest leap between them. And there was no reason why it should not be so! If only she could argue with herself that Jason could never really be attracted to such a woman!—but she couldn't. She hadn't much mind—not in that way; but she had a very clear sense, a relentlessly clear sense. May Allington *was* lovely, and she was intellectual. And with Jason's work. . . . She, Winnie, could be no help to him. He had given up long ago even trying to use her to clarify a thought in his own mind. She knew that well. She knew the very day when he had definitely given up trying. He had read her a paragraph from the book

he was writing, and she hadn't answered at all rightly. She knew she hadn't, but she had tried to. It would have been better perhaps if she hadn't made the attempt. He listened so patiently to her words of reply, of comment. And that fluttering of almost embarrassment came across his face, his pale blue eyes lost the gleam that had been firing them, and in its place a look of the kindest pity came into them; he turned away baffled, embarrassed. And he could not go on with his writing then for some days.

Things like that happening . . . she wasn't the wife for him. Yet no question of his not loving her entered her thought; she knew he loved her. Perhaps even he loved her all the more because of a certain sense of pitying. But that wouldn't hold, that shouldn't hold. She should be a wife to him in more ways than through the appeal of her childlikeness. And yet she knew how much she was a child. She always had the feeling that she was a little girl all the time. Always with the realization of being a woman she never lost the sense of being a little girl: she skipped along in a blue gingham apron with herself. Suddenly she held the back of her fingers against her lips, with a little duck of her head, as a chuckling smile rose at the thought of how she was a little stubby toed girl at the same time that she was Professor Jason Dowe's wife. If all the dignified professors and their wives knew what was going on—if they knew what had come into the room at receptions along with Mrs. Jason Dowe—!

She looked again across the valley; the same light was there, the same loveliness, but she felt the desolation of winter on the hillsides, what it must be like when they were bare and the sky hanging low, and with snow filling those hollows that now were luscious with shadows. She must try to get back again that feeling of secureness. She was safe anyway up here for the summer, and perhaps by fall— And she must find things to do to keep from being lonely. Not that she would mind loneliness of isolation if only she hadn't this fear of losing Jason!

She stepped into the entry; it was a small cubicle, the stairs went up out of the dining-room, a built-in steep flight. On one side the entry opened into the parlor, and the other way into the dining-room, a long room that ran through the house from east to west, with windows at both ends. The kitchen and pantry and lesser rooms were beyond the dining-room, declining into a wing, an assortment of strange little rooms, some larger and some smaller, and all down a step. It was several days before Winnie got past the sense of adventure each time she opened doors off in this direction: it took her that long before she really learned which strange little four-walled space she was to step into when her hand was opening a latch. And when she finally did learn the sequence she could never quite believe that it had been only that many rooms all of the time: she always had the feeling that there had been more of them at first, that they had been playing tricks with her, and had dropped out a few of their number finally before they settled down to let their new mistress really get acquainted with them.

It was a snug, gentle old house, yet

with a grim squareness too. Soon now she would bring the scent of freshly picked flowers into it, the green smell of garden flowers. Already the warm grass-smelling air was drifting through the long room from one opened window across to another, entering with soft currents, gently penetrating, to make its way among the older cold airs from the winter-closed rooms. She would lay bunches of sweet fern about in the corners and cupboards to dry and to give up their scent.

The summer passed, and Winnie was able to hold herself serene. For days at a time the fear was so far from consciousness that it did not exist for her. And then sometimes for no reason it appeared. She came to dread any clouding of the sun; the fear seemed to reach her then. Even the drifting of a breeze-moved summer cloud across the sun would be the signal. Possibly because it foretold winter when they would have to be back in New York, and the life that brought May Allington into their lives would have to be taken up again. And then one morning at breakfast Jason suggested that they stay on through October. That was a respite. His work was coming along so well, better than he thought, up here in the stillness and the long days. "I've found long days again," he said. He had feared it would be asking too much of Winnie to suggest staying another month, for after all she had no work to make long sequences of hours a treasure to her, but he had seen her eyes accept with a look which made her words of accepting genuine. She would really love to stay on longer!

October slipped into November, and ten days of Indian summer beguiled Jason into not seeing the calendar underneath the kitchen clock. And then he put the great question to her. But Winnie had seen it coming and was half preparing for a winter in the Vermont hills. He could arrange leave: it would mean everything to the book, it was writing itself into two volumes without his consent anyway!—and what would Winnie think of digging in till Spring? Could she bear it? Was he a pig even to speak of it? No, he wasn't a pig, he was a lamb, and he was a precious lamb, and she'd like staying through the winter. The little everyday fear of a monotonous winter diminished almost into nothing beside the relief from the important fear.

So the winter began, and more suddenly than had seemed possible. A northwest wind blew down for three days with icy cold. And then a northeast wind covered the hillsides with snow, and winter was there. But it was snug, and she was alone with Jason. The boy for chores, and the woman to come three hours every day made them comfortable.

Medcrow brought the mail up from the village regularly, unless it was too bad to get down the hill. One day after they had been settled to the winter routine for a month Winnie went out into the kitchen about two o'clock in the afternoon. She saw letters lying on the scrubbed pine table where Medcrow had laid them. One partly melted cake of snow told where the bearer's boot had but just turned and gone. Usually he did not get over with the mail

so early; this was a treat. And there were several letters too, and thick interesting ones, letters with individuality. A pale heliotrope envelop, and a longish thick white one, and two grays—yes, mail to whet the appetite, mail worth an acceleration of the heart-beat to reach out for. Two for her, three for her. And three for Jason. She was shuffling Jason's three apart from hers, and considering which of her three she should read first, when one of Jason's letters caught her attention. She knew instantly that it was from May Allington. Well! and what of it! Why shouldn't she write to him! This was the only time a letter had come from May Allington; one of a dozen casual reasons would explain it. She would take them in to Jason and say, "Here's a letter from a lady, darling, what does this mean!" Oh—but Jason was out taking a walk. She moved to look through the window; there he was coming around the barn. In a minute now he would be stamping in the kitchen door, and it would all be over. He would glance through his letters—the other letters first and then this letter—and then he would pass it over to her to look at if she cared to, while he turned back to one of the others to reread. That was all there would be to it, and here she was—sick, her throat aching. It wouldn't be but a moment now. And that was what she'd do—hold herself to speak naturally, and sit by while he opened his letters. And she would be reading hers. Jason's step on the crunching snow was just turning the corner of the woodshed.

Swiftly with precision she slipped the six letters back on to the table as Medcrow had left them, and was gone out of the kitchen. With noiseless steps she was upstairs and in her room; all this by the time Jason had got the door well latched behind him.

She lay on her bed, where she had been before going aimlessly down to the kitchen to find that treat of the mail lying there unexpectedly before time. She waited for Jason to be seeing the letters. She could tell as though down there that now he was picking them up, laying hers aside, and looking at his own three. She even faintly heard the tear of a finger in an envelop so still was the house, and so still the icy air without. She forced herself to give him time to have read his three letters. Her hands became like old hands under the strain of the clawlike grip with which she fastened her fingers into the bed-covers. Then moving slowly she went down the stairs and across the long dining-room, where in these short days the two o'clock sun lay like late afternoon sun, and through the passage toward the kitchen. She had made her steps to sound clearly from the moment she set her foot off the bed.

She lifted the latch to the kitchen door, and arranged her lips again into the best attempt she could make toward naturalness. She had made this arrangement of her countenance three times while traversing the length of the dining-room.

She stepped into the kitchen. Jason looked up. "Lying down, dear?"

"Yes. I didn't take a nap though—Oh, the mail is here."

"Medcrow must have gone down to the village earlier than usual today. I met him—he'd just left it. There are three for you."

"Three."

She held her eyes to her letters as she took them up.

"And you have some too—I see." There was no reason why she should not look to see what letters he held. The not looking might have seemed strange.

"Yes"—Winnie's lungs contracted as her breath was held—"a couple."

She hadn't heard him say a couple! she hadn't heard it! And what a pain across the front of her head. The pain made her feel a little sick.

Jason went on telling her what was in his letters, and telling her she must read them.

Why had she done it this way! Why had she put it to the test! He was going out of the room; he was still saying something about the letters to which she ought to reply. "Oh yes—yes, dear. I'll read them—"

His thick storm-boot fumbled, stubbing a little at the step-up into the passage. All she seemed to see or think of was his slim white beautifully formed foot within the cumbersome boot. She looked around, there were two letters lying opened on their envelops for her to read. She went to the stove, and, cautiously to make no sound, fitted the lifter into the stove-lid and raised it. The circle of glowing coals flooded heat up to her face; her lips parted to take a breath and she breathed in the soft warmth. The coals were white hot with no flames, except there were transparent flames, little more than a quivering of heat in the shape of a flame. There was one place where the surface of the fire seemed to be slightly dulled over as with a graying of ash; the dulled over place was somewhat the shape of an envelop. At the side of the fire-box where the heat and gases were drawn by the draft over the oven toward the smoke outlet, among the dusty residue of coal ash that had accumulated, was a crumpled wisp of burned paper, blackened and glistening, thinner than any tissue, vibrating gently, fluttering in the moving heat, too light of substance now to be drawn on and up the flue, yet still holding to its semblance of paper, still not quite dissolving into the nothingness of powdered ashes.

She placed the stove-lid back without a sound, letting the heavy round of cast-iron fit softly into its groove. The flush of heat to her face lessened; her skin still tingled with it. The tin water-bucket stood at one end of the wooden sink by the north window. She crossed there and lifted the big tin dipper of water to her lips; her face was lost in it, its rim rose higher than her eyes, the tiny rust spots in the bottom were magnified through the water. She barely let the cold water touch her lips and put the dipper back; it rocked on the surface of the pailful, floating to tap against the side. She looked at the kitchen clock; little more than a minute had passed since she had opened the door and come in; a minute and a half, and there was a lifetime to be lived through yet. Her heart felt a small helpless thing beating away so bravely; a flood of pity for her heart came over her. It was working so gallantly on its job, day and night in its steadiness, patient and perfect, poor little heart—pity swept her. Her eyes were drenched with tears. She was weeping for her tireless patient little heart. It seemed unbearable to her that it should have to go

on for so long, so monotonously; she was eased with another pouring of tears.

As Jason closed the kitchen door after him and went along the passage his head was lowered. Why had he denied the receiving of this letter from May Allington! He never did things like this. He held such petty secrecies in contempt. To conceal a letter from Winnie! How could he clean this contamination from his spirit! His spirit had always been naked and unashamed before her. He waited until he got upstairs and into his own room before trying to analyze his action. He needed a closed door for that.

There was nothing in the letter; there was no reason why there should have been anything in it; there was nothing between him and May Allington. They had never been together at any time that Winnie had not been there also. Why was he self-conscious in receiving this letter from her! It was just a friendly letter, and with a reason for having been written—she had wanted information which he could give her. Had they returned to New York she would have cornered him at a tea and got her information. The letter continued with some pages of amusing and friendly talk. Why had he done this! Going back, penetrating as deeply as he could now, he found that his consciousness over the letter lay in this—on one of those days when he and May Allington had talked together he had imagined that he had caught a thought in Winnie's face. It had been one of those fleeting but revealing instants. And yet had it been revealing? Was it not that he had imagined revelation! Was there in truth any such thought in Winnie's mind that day, or any day? At times he felt himself to be singularly acute of perception, and then again that he was far indeed from discernment. Had he been acute at this supposition, or had he been guessing wide of the mark? Guessing wide of the mark in all probability. And yet the possibility of that day's perception being correct had lain in his mind, and to-day it had appeared in his action. Well—it had been done. Too bad. He must take care that nothing like this occurred again. He could not trust himself now to try to retrieve his lost integrity by going back to speak casually of having received a letter from May Allington; he would fumble it, and create a positive situation where now it was only negative. For now the mark from what he had done was only on his own soul. Winnie did not know that there had been deception, thank God!

More weeks of the winter passed. Jason became deeply engrossed in his writing, submerged into that magic where he lived a life within life; caught into urgencies and rewards which held him enchanted and all but insulated him against the routine of living. He did not observe that Winnie was growing thinner, and that there was a strange far look in her eyes. Abbie Medcrow noticed it.

"She don't look right," she told her husband. "She's got no chores to do to keep her mind occupied, leastways not enough. All she's got to really interest her is waiting for those seed catalogues to come we've sent for. We sent for 'em together. She's

most wore out the old ones. She plans her garden! I like to do that too. But she plans and plans. Do you know she can reel off all the Latin names of all the flowers! Just from poring over 'em and over 'em. I wisht those this year's catalogues would hurry on and get here for her sake."

But one morning—it was the end of January—Jason did look at his wife with seeing eyes, and he was startled. He found an inward, contemplative look, a brooding. And Winnie's nature was never introspective, never withdrawn into secret places; her life was made up of what passed before her, what came to her at the moment; there was no turning inward of the consciousness. And now this remoteness. He felt an instant's hesitancy at breaking through into her consciousness. She came back with a smile and they talked of usual things. Each morning now he noticed this; but it would grow less as the day went by. And then one morning she spoke to him from this place to which it seemed her spirit withdrew.

"Jason . . . I must tell you about my—dream." She paused before using the word.

"Your dream, dear?"

"Of course it isn't a dream— But I don't know what else to call it. It happens when I'm asleep."

"Then of course it is a dream."

"We'll call it that." Her voice said that she would indulge him by letting him call it that. "But it's so real—!"

"Some dreams seem to be."

"So astonishingly real."

He was studying her with a closeness and an anxiety which he realized she must not detect.

"More real than life. . . ."

His heart contracted: the anxiety became fear.

"So much more real than life—than anything that happens before I go to sleep. You see?"

He tried to laugh easily, interestedly. "My dear! lots of dreaming is like that." If that only were the truth, he thought.

"Is it! Yes, I daresay it must be just dreaming. . . . Of course it *is*. And yet—"

"But what is it you dream?"

Her look became distant, receded, her eyes saw something he could never see. She shook her head a little, and smiled. "It isn't possible for me to tell you. I wish, oh I wish I could! But words—just the words of life, of this world, words . . . they're of no service here."

Of this world! that caught him with increased alarm. "Darling, you mustn't get fancies in your head."

"It's all beyond and breathless with a hush of loveliness. And a beauty that isn't like beauty—because those hills have beauty, and the sky is beautiful, and such things. Its—" She stopped with a little laugh, a laugh at her presumption even to try to say what it was like.

That was the beginning. Each morning now he knew that she would come down stairs with that distant rapt look in her eyes, and he dreaded seeing it, dreaded each morning. And then he began to dread all through the day, because after a time she began to slip off into this strangeness at other times. He would feel her sitting too still, and know when he looked up that he should find her gone there.

He tried questioning her more ex-

plicitly, trying to bring her to say what this mysterious compelling beauty might be that held her. She seemed under an enchantment. Winnie herself was frightened by it, or rather she felt that she should be frightened by it. She wondered if it might be madness coming over her. But almost simultaneously with what should be the horror at the thought came the assurance to dispel horror—how could such transcendency cause her alarm? But there would come times when the fear of madness did possess her.

The weeks passed by. The icy air blew sharply around the house, or was still as crystal. The snow lay with a frozen crust. The roads were blocked; no trains came through for a two day period, and even after the railroad was cleared the highroads could not be broken through for the ten miles across to reach the railroad.

"If only I hadn't been such a selfish fool and kept her up here!" He was talking it over with Abbie Medcrow. "It's the loneliness."

"Yes. For it must be awful lonesome. But she'll be right's a trivet once spring comes round."

"Spring is a long way off," he replied. "I must get her out."

"Yes, that would be best. Soon's you can. Soon's you can get through."

"Why didn't I think to have a few growing plants for her in the house! She could have had that, at least."

"Yes, plants would help. Would have."

"There isn't such a thing to be had now, I suppose."

"Some few potted plants. I'll bring over some of mine, but the best of what I raised, frost killed. But I'll bring one or two, if I can get 'em over here without their getting frost bit on the way! Some geraniums. She seems to crave flowers."

"Yes."

"It's the summer flowers she's aching for."

Winnie sat in her room by the roaring stove. Each small pane of the window was draped with frost, like a miniature curtain hanging across it, sagging from the top; only this small place at the top of each pane was clear, and only on some of the panes. Through these Winnie could see the snow-gray hills against the gray of the low sky. She sat alone as much as she dared without making her seclusion too marked She had caught Jason watching her furtively. And it was harder to pretend that she didn't know what Jason was fearing than to remain alone with her own fear. And she wanted to relieve Jason of as many hours of having to pretend he wasn't fearing anything as she could.

It was very curious! She was chilled with the fright of what Jason was trying to hide his fear of, but at the same time there was a calmness and security. She felt calm and secure because she knew in her heart that these delusions were not delusions. And yet wasn't just that the evidence to prove that Jason's fear was justified! She had never separated from at least a foothold on sanity, even at those moments of first waking, when she lay sweetly with the breath of that world beyond words like a dew upon her lips and in her heart; even with that entire certainty so penetratingly with her, she also knew with one minute part of her consciousness that it must

be illusion, it must be a dream. She had never quite floated off into the new space of that world without one balancing foot feeling the earth of the world still there under her.

The next morning she came down stairs to have her breakfast with Jason. Usually she got herself something to eat later in the kitchen. She had something to tell him now. Something to convince him that her dreams were not dreams, but that she was in verity transported to this state beyond. Of late she had given up telling Jason about this, not only because language was inadequate, but because she saw how it distressed him. But this morning there was something special to tell.

"Jason dear, I know you're worried and don't like to have me talk about this, but last night they told me something—"

"They, dear? Who are they?"

She looked at him, the baffled, smiling, transfigured look on her face, and shook her head a little. "Oh dear—there again I can't explain. . . . But it's they who—who are with me, who—who take me"—she paused feeling, struggling for expression—"there."

He tried to make his face a blank, but the grayness that comes from blood receding pinched his lips and dug faintly under his cheek-bones, and at the temples.

"Don't be frightened about it, dear." She laid her hand over his cold one. "They have promised me something. They know how you doubt what I tell you—try to tell you, and they want you to know that I am not mad, that it isn't delusion. And so they have told me that some time soon they will put a flower in my hand to bring back with me. It will be a sign for you."

Jason got by himself as soon as he could. He knew now that her mind was gone. Whether irremediably or not he could not know yet. Possibly with treatment—

Winnie went back to her room and sat alone there nearly all the day. Gradually that other consciousness came to her, the mind that looked on and saw both the reality of the delusion and the delusion, the mind that realized that because the delusion seemed to be reality therefore it could not be so, the consciousness which realized that Jason must not have to live the years of his life married to an insane wife. . . .

She wrote a note and sealed it, and left it lying on her table. She called down to Jason that she was going to bed early, she had had tea and didn't want any supper. The helping-woman would stay over supper-time and get his.

The next morning Abbie Medcrow came through the crusty snow bringing two geraniums, one in a pot and the other in a tomato tin. "This is the best I can do. One has a fine bud and it'll come out, and this one's got a bloom already. Mrs. Harlow's got some fine begonias, and when I can get through I'll go down there and ask her for one. But what she really needs is spring flowers, spring and summer flowers. She was talking about the blue gentians last week, and how we picked 'em in the swampy piece down below the pasture."

"It'll be a long time before gentians bloom again," Jason replied.

"About this time of the winter I've had enough of winter. Gentians.

Yes. I'd crave to pick a gentian myself. Seems a long while till July. And longer to her I guess!"

"She hasn't come down yet. Take them up to her, Mrs. Medcrow. She'll be so pleased. It's very kind of you to bring your plants over."

Jason went back to his writing-table, but not to writing. That was gone.

In a moment Abbie Medcrow came hurriedly but softly down the stairs. She entered the room where he sat and came up before him. He knew from her face.

"I think—! You must come up, Mr. Dowe! She's gone—yes. Did she take these tablets for sleeping?" She opened her palm and showed him the empty bottle that had been half full yesterday.

His body got itself to its feet, and he followed Abbie Medcrow up to Winnie's room. She lay in her bed in her nightdress, the covers drawn close, just as she always went to sleep. But it was to be seen from just looking at her that her face was not lying in sleep. He knelt by the side of the bed and whispered close to her lips. Abbie Medcrow turned away and rubbed a little place clear in the frost on the window. Then she saw the letter with Jason's name written on it. He was still crouched by Winnie's side. His breath was drawn in with a sound, and then breathed out with a sound.

"Mr. Dowe—here—something—" She touched his hand with the letter. He rose and moved a few steps to the window to read it. He read it through and then sank into the chair with a moan.

"She did it because she knew—she suspected—she knew—she feared it—she knew—! Oh, Mrs. Medcrow, she wanted me to be free. . . . Read it—!"

Through her own tears Abbie Medcrow read the note. That was it: he must not be held for a life-time married to an insane wife—he must be free to marry again—she wanted him to marry again—to marry some one else. And love—much love—Winnie.

"It *is* for the best, Mr. Dowe. You must realize that. I may sound heartless saying it to you now, and here where she lies, but I'm going to say it. You've got to begin thinking right away now, how it is the best for her. It was like she feared, Mr. Dowe. I've seen it before. Deacon Haines's wife, and my oldest sister—they went like that. I've seen it. I know. Those fancies she had—dreams, and people coming to her and telling her things. They weren't dreams; that was just plain insanity, Mr. Dowe. You know it was. And you must thank God she went like this."

"Yes—yes—I—I—know." Jason moved back to the bed and stood near, looking down at his wife. She lay on her side just as she always slept. The quilt, made from tiny cuttings of old calico dresses, was drawn up to her cheek. He lifted the covering back. Her hands were lying out, raised near her face. In one hand, with the fingers softly loosened from holding it, lay a flower with its stem freshly broken, its blue petals still unfolded—a blue gentian, crisp and dewy.

The Inequality of Man

Its Recognition Should Lead to Greater Equality of Opportunity

J. B. S. Haldane

It is a human characteristic to give reasons which will not bear examination for the most sensible actions. Many Polynesians are only kept from theft by the belief that if they violated the taboo against the cocoanuts of their neighbors they would be struck dead. Some fundamentalists (at least in England) hold that a belief in Noah's ark is a necessary preliminary to a good life. In medieval Europe it was only possible to centralize government as a result of a belief in the divine institution of monarchy, which was later formulated as the divine right of kings.

And in the present age the admirable institution of universal suffrage is similarly supported by the curious dogma of the equality of man. Historically this dogma arose as a protest against such institutions as hereditary rank, which still commands the respect of the readers of the social columns of British newspapers and of the daughters of American millionaires. But if the framers of the American Constitution subscribed to the theory of the equality of man, the true founders of the nation, the pilgrim fathers, held the opposite doctrine in its most extreme form. They were Calvinists, and believed that human beings from the moment of birth, were segregated into two distinct categories, the one predestined to eternal bliss, the other to everlasting damnation. A hundred per cent American may therefore believe in equality with Washington and Paine, or in inequality with Winthrop and Bradford. I suspect that the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes.

Human inequality springs from two sources, nature and nurture. The results of the latter are obvious. It is no use appointing a man a clerk if he has not been taught to write, or a Christian missionary if he has been brought up as a Mohammedan. Two hundred years ago most inequality in Europe was due to this cause. To-day the same is true in Asia. Democracy is impossible in India to-day largely because less than ten per cent of its population can read. Hence, Indian self-government would mean the rule of an Indian minority which would probably govern somewhat worse than the British. In China, too, universal education is a prerequisite of democracy. Some inequality due to differences of environment is inevitable, if only because of the facts of geography. But in its grosser forms it means an immense waste of human possibilities, and every progressive state aims at equality of opportunity.

This phrase was invented, I believe, by the late Canon Rashdall, who attempted to teach me philosophy. Napoleon expressed the same idea by the motto "*La carrière ouverte aux talents*," which stresses the inequality of human capacity, or talent. It was, of course, Jesus who converted the word "talent" from the name for a sum of money to an expression for inborn human ability, of which he clearly recognized the existence.

For men are not born equal. No one disputes this fact as regards physical characteristics. Some babies are born black and some white, and very little can be done to alter the color of the former. But just as in the United States some of the colored people straighten their hair artificially, so, if a state should ever arise in which the ruling group is pigmented, it is possible that some of the whites will induce a permanent and bath-proof darkening of their skin by drinking a weak solution of silver nitrate. Even so their color will be gray rather than mahogany. Many other characters are equally fixed. Provided a child is receiving an adequate diet, it is probably impossible to add an inch, let alone a cubit, to its stature. On the other hand one could generally add a few pounds to its weight by overfeeding it. Children may be born without fingers, eyes and so on, or with innumerable physical or chemical defects in their nature, which no amount of medical skill can overcome.

In the psychological realm things are the same. Every one admits that a certain number of people are congenitally feeble-minded. But with regard to other mental and moral defects, ranging from stupidity and bad temper to lunacy and habitual criminality, the case is far less clear. The brothers and sisters of a family tend to resemble one another and their parents in intelligence; but it has been urged that, with the exception of a few congenital imbeciles, this resemblance is due to home influences, and not to heredity. The relative importance of heredity and home influences has recently been tested by Miss Burks in California. She compared the resemblances in intelligence of two hundred children with their foster-parents, and of one hundred children in the same schools with their true parents. The foster-children had been adopted at an average age of three months, so that home environment had had a fair chance. There was no definite relation between the intelligence rating of a child and its foster-father. The influence of the foster-mothers, though marked, was far less than that of the true fathers or mothers. There is a vast amount of further evidence to the same effect, for example, as to the great intellectual diversity of children in the same orphanage.

There is much less evidence with regard to moral character. No doubt some of the basal traits which determine it, such as quickness of response, are inherited; but it probably depends to a considerable extent on environment, whether the quick-tempered child will develop into a fury or a kindly but impulsive person, the calmer personality into a heartless or a benevolent one. This is largely a matter of common sense. Every one knows that you can influence character far more easily than

intelligence. That is why we apply physical or moral suasion to bad boys, but not to stupid ones unless we think they are lazy. But common sense is borne out by what little scientific evidence exists.

If you want to study the influence of environment on a plant, the best plan is to cut it in half, and put the two halves in different soils. In spite of King Solomon, this experiment is rarely performed on children. But occasionally nature does something like it. Every now and then twins who resemble each other very closely are produced from a single cell. They are, of course, always of the same sex, and when brought up together grow up with similar habits and tastes. But what happens if they are brought up apart from birth? A few cases of this kind have been investigated. Professor Hermann J. Muller of Austin, Texas, described a case where identical twin girls were separated at birth, owing to their mother's death. At thirty years of age their scores or intelligence tests were almost equal. Not one pair in a thousand of people taken at random would have been so similar. But other tests showed that the emotional side of their natures differed quite as much as those of two people taken at random. And their emotional lives had been quite different. One had married, the other was single; one was attracted by Catholicism, the other by Christian Science, and so on. Further studies of this kind will delimit the possibilities of social influence on the individual.

To-day extreme eugenists proclaim that environment has very little influence, extreme behaviorists that nothing else matters. Dr. Watson finds that all healthy new-born babies behave pretty much alike, and deduces that the differences that develop as they grow up must be due to environment. This does not follow. All European babies are born blue-eyed, but it is not environment that determines their adult eye-color. In one of the plants with which I have worked, the Chinese primrose, all seedlings look alike, but with the genes at present available, several million easily distinguishable adult types could be built up. Actually a baby behaves in such a simple way because the nerve-fibers in the upper part of his brain have not yet got sheaths of an oily substance called myelin, which probably acts as an insulator. It is not till the insulation is complete that mental differences due to brain structure can show up. No doubt environment counts for something, but the examples cited above tend to show that its field is limited. However, popular expositors of eugenics make the fundamental mistake of suggesting that differences not due to environment are due to heredity.

If this were true all children of the same parents would be exactly alike in such characters as eye-color, which is not influenced by environment. It is quite true that heredity and environment between them determine almost all the differences which exist among self-fertilized plants like wheat, or animals such as dogs, in which man usually restricts matings to members of the same race. But cats, like men, choose their own mates, and are not influenced in doing so by eugenical considerations.

In consequence very few cats are pure blooded—or in scientific terminology, homozygous—for the genes producing color. Two tabbies may produce tabby, black, blue and white spotted kittens in a single litter. The cause of this variety is called "segregation." It is simply a name for the fact that the cross-bred cat distributes different genes to its various offspring.

In a human population within which marriages take place freely, segregation and heredity account for almost exactly the same amount of inequality in such characters as stature, eye-color and intellectual abilities. In other words, the average inequality of two brothers with the same ancestry is as a rule about half that of two men taken at random. But in a population where different groups breed among themselves, the influence of heredity is of course greater. Two Chinese will not produce white, or nearly white, children, because they have no white ancestors. But two short, stupid parents may produce a tall clever child because they probably include some tall clever people among their very mixed ancestry.

Now we cannot at present control segregation, except to a small extent, but we can and do control heredity in animal and plant breeding, and could in human society if eugenics became a reality. That is why eugenics is at present the only possible way of improving the innate characters of man. But for all that, biology does not support the idea that the hereditary principle is a satisfactory method of choosing men or women to fill a post. Segregation sees to it that very few human characters breed true. The average degree of resemblance between father and son is too small to justify the waste of human potentialities which an aristocratic system entails. If human beings could be propagated by cutting, like apple-trees, aristocracy would be biologically sound. England would presumably be governed by cuttings of Cromwell and Chatham, America, as Bateson once suggested, by cuttings of Washington and Lincoln. But until the art of tissue culture has developed very considerably, such possibilities need not be thought of.

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The progress of biology in the next century will lead to a recognition of the innate inequality of man. This is to-day most obviously visible in the United States, where educational opportunities are more widespread than elsewhere. Universal education leads, not to equality, but to inequality based on real differences of talent. Where there is equality of opportunity there is no excuse for failure. The self-made American successful man who realizes this fact, commonly appears ruthless to the European aristocrat, who, just because he knows that he does not owe his position to innate ability, is often more considerate to his inferiors. If hereditary wealth were abolished, the tendency would, of course, be strengthened. So some observers see in the Russian Communist party the germ of the proudest, most efficient, and most ruthless aristocracy that the world has ever known. Personally I doubt the validity of such a forecast so long as the party continues to hold to its present economic and political doc-

trines, and to enforce upon its members the principle of a maximum income at present about thirteen hundred dollars a year.

The social danger of a system which, in practice if not in theory, gives so full a recognition to inequality, is that it tends to estimate that inequality too simply. In America the tendency is strong to grade men and women primarily by their earning power. A Socialist government would try to grade them by their economic value to the State. The Catholic Church attempts to assess them by their share of those virtues which it admires, the principal classes being saints, other saved souls, and the damned. University professors gradually come to believe that the sheep can infallibly be separated from the goats by a series of written examinations. And there are psychologists who believe that it is possible to grade every one by means of intelligence tests. The best known of these tests is that applied to the American Army in 1917. Success or failure in these tests undoubtedly depends less on education than success or failure in ordinary examinations. They are, therefore, a better test of innate inequality. But what do they measure? This is the question which Spearman, Aveling, Thompson, and other English psychologists are trying to answer. They take a number of boys and girls who have had so far as possible the same educational opportunities, and compare their performances in a number of different simple tests. It is found that the performances of the same child in some tests, for example, detection of absurdities and memorization of sentences, are clearly related to one another; in others, for example, memory of form and interpretation of pictures, they are related neither to one another nor to those in any other subject. And this rule is general. If one sort of ability helps one to predict any other sort, it helps one to predict all sorts. The only exceptions were in the case of very similar performances, such as various types of arithmetic. But such exceptions are rather rare. The theory was therefore framed that ability to perform any task was the sum of two abilities—general ability, which is required to a greater or lesser degree for all purposes, and a special ability, different for each type of performance. On this basis general ability can be measured, of course, on an arbitrary scale, as the result of a mathematical process. The theory of this measurement has given rise to a series of somewhat heated mathematical discussions, of which one of the most intelligible is based on the geometry of figures in space of sixteen or so dimensions. Whether "g" at which Spearman arrives really represents general intellectual ability or not, it is fairly closely related to success in intellectual pursuits. But the relation is one-sided. For example, all successful university students have a high "g," but not all students with high "g" are successful. A large number, at least, of these failures fail because they are lazy, or at least do not work at the subjects prescribed.

The educational systems of the world appear to be based on a very simple fallacy about "g." It is better measured by linguistic ability than by mathematical; for mathe-

matics, like music or drawing, demands a considerable amount of a special ability, in addition to the ability measured by "g." Hence it is a commonplace of universities that men who have obtained classical scholarships are likely to do well in science and other subjects, while mathematical scholars more rarely succeed outside their own speciality. It is supposed therefore that the classics are a magnificent training for the mind. It is quite true that when two boys have spent ten years in learning Latin, unprepared translation from that language furnishes a good test of their general ability combined with a capacity for rather dull work. Probably, however, a set of cross-word puzzles would be as good, and a set of simple psychological tests much better.

There is, however, no evidence at all that classical or any other education increases "g," and a good deal that it does not. Heliotherapy is the only procedure which is quite certainly known to increase it! But the removal of tonsils and adenoids probably does so. It is fairly strongly inherited, and education can do little more than just give it a chance to show up.

General ability is only the most important of a series of psychological traits which can be measured with more or less accuracy. Fortunately, some of the others are far more readily influenced by environment. In the course of the next century, if psychologists are allowed anything like a free hand, and coöperate with geneticists, it should be possible by the time a child is about seven to arrive at a fair idea of its capacities; and children will be sorted out accordingly. To-day we often have special schools for mentally deficient children, and occasionally for very able ones. This system will, of course, be greatly extended. When children of all grades of ability are combined in one class the intelligent merely learn to be lazy while the stupid are hopelessly discouraged. And the attempt to remedy this defect by placing children of widely different ages in the same class, is also a failure. I do not think, for example, that my intellect has improved appreciably since I was twelve years old, though I have learned a great deal since that time and can work for longer hours. But I doubt if my ability to deal with a really new type of problem has increased. As I am now cleverer than most boys of eighteen I probably was so then, and intellectual differences would not have been equalized by putting me into a class with them.

The world is crammed with experimental schools, and as a university teacher I notice no very great difference between men who have been educated by quite different methods. The most important experiment, to my mind, would be to start a school whose membership was confined to really intelligent children. Such children could at eighteen easily reach the standards of the average university graduate. I did so myself, because I was fortunate enough to go to Eton at a time when the curriculum was so completely disorganized that it was possible with a little effort to learn either a great deal, or nothing at all. Now, however, I understand that the courses are arranged to fit the average boy, and it is a good deal

harder for the intelligent to learn more than his fellows.

But, of course, general ability is only one of many innate psychological characteristics in which children differ. Musical, mathematical, and artistic abilities are largely congenital. Poets also are commonly held to be born, not made. One of the most urgent tasks of the psychologist is to pick out the budding poets from the embryonic painters, plumbers, politicians, paper-hangers, and so on. At present vocational selection is a very rudimentary art, and it generally takes place at the end, not near the beginning, of education. There is a curious notion abroad that the progress of science is likely to reduce humanity to a common dull level. This may conceivably be true of physics and chemistry, but I believe that the opposite is the case with biology and psychology. The same hypothetical accusation is made against socialism, yet I have never seen such diversity, of clothes at any rate, as in the streets of Moscow, where one can wear anything but a top hat; though I unfortunately missed the famous occasion when a band of young communists of both sexes appeared in mid-winter clad in red ribbons bearing the Russian equivalent of "Down with shame."

In a scientifically ordered society, innate human diversity would be accepted as a natural phenomenon like the weather, predictable to a considerable extent, but very difficult to control. In England one person in two hundred is feeble-minded, and perhaps as many more cannot be of much use to their fellows, owing to congenital blindness, deafness, and other inborn defects. The other 99 per cent could probably all be of social value. In the words of Professor Charles E. Spearman, "Every normal man, woman and child is a genius at something, as well as an idiot at something. It remains to discover what—at any rate—in respect of the genius."

The scientific state would make it its first business to investigate this problem. The development of an adequate technique would be a matter of generations, as was the development of chemical analysis. It would enable the individual to follow his own bent far more completely than is now possible. Education would probably be more specialized for the average child, but the exceptionally versatile would not be compelled as they now are, to limit the field of their studies at an early stage. In the absence of such a technique the stable can do very little. The only clear task of eugenics is to prevent the inevitably inefficient one per cent of the population from being born, and to encourage the breeding of persons of exceptional ability where that ability is known to be hereditary. We cannot go much further than this. We do not know whether the sporadically appearing man or woman of genius is substantially more likely to produce children of genius than the average intelligent person. We do not know if a society containing too many intelligent people would not be unstable. Such a cause may have brought about the downfall of Athens. At best, eugenics would have no effect for a generation. Vocational guidance would begin to act at once. It should be added that vocational

guidance, as practised for profit to-day, is generally about as useful as astrology, without possessing the charming vocabulary and distinguished part of the latter pseudo-science. We have not yet got the scientific data needed to make it practicable.

I do not believe that a recognition of the inequality of man would be a blow to democracy (or rather to representative government based on universal suffrage). This admirable invention is a device for changing the government of a country without a revolution. It is successful because it gives a fairly good approximation to the result which would be obtained by a civil war, provided that a majority of the people take politics seriously. For example, the British Labor party can at present only persuade about a third of the electors to support it. Hence, the few revolutionaries who are included among its many supporters realize that they would be beaten in a civil war. If the party polled a majority of votes and was prevented by the King or Lords from carrying out its policy, a revolution would command enough support to make it at least worth attempting. Hence, the King in unlikely to veto the legislation of a labor government, though the Lords will try to delay it.

The danger to democracy to-day lies not in the recognition of a plain biological fact, but in a lack of will in certain countries to kill persons who obstruct the declared wishes of the majority of the people. Charles I died and Mussolini lives, because enough Englishmen wanted to kill the king, but not enough Italians want to kill the premier. This lack of will may arise from mere laziness, or, more frequently, from disillusion at the results of representative democracy, which is presumably not the ideal form of government, but only the best so far invented. Unless the mass of the people are willing in the last resort to fight for their convictions, democracy should be replaced by the government of a minority, whether of fascists, communists, or what not, who possess that will.

It is, of course, irrational that each man's vote should possess equal value. But the alternatives so far tried or suggested are still less rational. They usually take the form of increasing the political power of those who are already wealthy enough to be able to influence politics. One eminently desirable reform would be the disfranchisement of persons over sixty-five years of age. The main effects of their votes will not appear during their lifetime, they would be useless in a civil war, and their political views depend on issues of a generation ago. In England, for example, our old men and women vote for a protective tariff because they were formerly opposed to Irish home rule.

Some day it may be possible to devise a scientific method of assessing the voting power of individuals. One can be fairly certain that that day is more than a century ahead. In the remote future mankind may be divided into castes like Hindus or termites. But to-day the recognition of innate inequality should lead not to less but to greater, equality of opportunity.

Table Talk

Educators, like roulette players, are always hoping for the lucky combination, the winning system that will produce golden results year after year. Under the Harkness plan, Harvard tries a new pattern. In an attempt to conserve the remnants of individuality in mass education, Harvard contemplates grouping her undergraduates into small, compact and independent colleges, somewhat akin to the arrangement at Oxford and Cambridge. Instead of an unwieldy collegiate army, numbering five or six thousand, and of such awkward dimensions as to make individual emergence impossible, the new Harvard will be split up into a dozen segments, each having its own quadrangle, faculty and special interests. In these smaller colleges, severally supplied with leisurous cloisters and devoted to their special studies, the next generations of Harvard men may discover the rare pleasure of actually knowing one's classmates and teachers, and of moving in a congenial circle of students pursuing much the same course as one's self. We hope to see the plan put into practice, for we believe it will work.

Soviet Russia, thus far, is the only government that officially encourages art by actually purchasing the work of native artists. In order to keep pace with our Soviet neighbors in this matter of government patronage, Senator Tydings of Maryland has proposed a bill which would devote fifty thousand dollars a year to the purchase of paintings and sculpture by American artists. It isn't much, but it's a beginning. Fifty thousand dollars won't exactly pamper our living artists, but it will at least show them that we are conscious of their existence. Moreover, the movement so modestly begun by Senator Tydings will doubtless result in a permanent collection of American art in Washington. Imagine the Stuarts, Trumbulls, Allstons, Whistlers and Bellows we'd have in such a collection if it had been started in 1783 or thereabouts.

Ambrose Bierce once said: "Horses speak of choosing their owners; men of selecting their wives." And if Bierce were alive to-day he might add, "—and sentimentalists of keeping Lindbergh on the ground."

It cannot and will not be done. Who wants to see the Flying Colonel pine like a sick eagle under a glass bell of safety? No, Lindbergh will probably die with his goggles on, and our only hope is that he'll wear out as many dozen pairs as a certain Vicar brought home to Wakefield.

WHAT does the Secretary of State do with his time, anyway? One of the answers is, "He makes treaties." During the last four years Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State under President Coolidge, negotiated no less than seventy-six treaties with foreign powers, including his master work—the Treaty for the Renunciation of War. Six treaties to prevent the smuggling of alcohol into the United States, nineteen arbitration treaties, seven commercial treaties, eleven conciliation treaties and some thirty miscellaneous pacts, stand as a lasting record of Secretary Kellogg's stewardship. Many of the treaties were consummated only after long and delicate negotiation; many of them, notably the boundary, smuggling and commercial agreements, removed immediate and remote irritations that might have resulted in unfriendly relations. To many a private citizen, it must come as a first-class surprise that the modern Secretary of State is obliged to spend so much energy in preserving amicable foreign relations; arbitrating cases before they come into court, and weaving such a complicated net of diplomacy. The longer one scrutinizes Mr. Kellogg's record, the more one realizes how quietly and effectively he must have gone about this single phase of his work.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S significant remarks on prohibition in his inaugural address have received so much attention that Vice-President Curtis's contribution to political science in general and to our scheme of government in particular has been overlooked.

It was the Vice-President's first duty, after his own induction into office as President of the Senate to administer the oath to the newly elected Senators. As commonly used, this oath includes the injunction, "you take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation." Mr. Curtis's formula, however, was "without any mental *obligation* whatsoever."

It is quite inconceivable that after his years of service in the Senate, Mr. Curtis should feel his heart go pitty-pat when first he stepped upon the stage of the Vice-Presidency. Certainly he exhibited no outward sign of embarrassment. Is it possible that he merely considered that the law should follow the fact?

This oath is a curious thing anyway. Each Senator swears "to support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies foreign and domestic; to bear true faith and allegiance to the same." Surely the verdict of any grammarian would be that the Senators were swearing true faith and allegiance to the enemies of the Constitution. Here is work for Senator Heflin.

THE free fumble has gone forever, taking with it the last element of chance in the collegiate game of football. No longer can a watchful end scoop up a bouncing ball and run the length of the field for a touchdown. At the last meeting of the Football Rules Committee, that Sanhedrin of the Punt and Pass, it was decided that a ball fumbled in scrimmage should be dead as soon as recovered. You can fall on the ball, but you can't run with it.

We understand why the rule was made, but that doesn't help us like it. The new rule attempts to remove the last irrational element from a highly developed game. Under the old regulations, there was always a remote possibility that the home team, though outclassed and a touchdown behind, could snatch a loose ball and perform a gridiron miracle with it. Which was, to be sure, a sadly illogical hope, and one that no right-minded spectator should cling to. But oh, how we did cling! Until the last whistle was blown there was always the hope that an alert lineman might trap a disengaged pigskin and pull the game out of the fire for old Harwash. Sam White of Princeton, Fido Kempton of Yale, and Hump Brodil of Columbia—not to mention Roy Riegels of California—all have contributed mighty runs after recovering free fumbles. But their performances, and those of a thousand other Ralph Henry Barbour heroes, are no longer possible. The fumble is dead where it lies, and many an underdog sympathizer weeps over its bier.

IF alimony hadn't been capitalized as a laughing-stock by vaudeville funny men, the laws concerning it would have been revised long ago. Something about the word sends audiences into gelastic fits, and if a legislator tries to do anything about it, he is laughed down by his colleagues. And so, under its hilarious ægis of protection, a real abuse stalks up and down the land.

Alimony is almost an anachronism. It had its origin in the economic dependence of women, and flourished at a period when the span of marriageable years was of briefer duration—when sixteen was considered a ripe age for romance, and a woman required some kind of compensatory balm for the "lost years and impaired marketability" of an unsuccessful marriage.

But we have changed all that. The marriageable age limit, as well as the marriage-market for women have both considerably expanded. A woman is no longer old at thirty, nor does the interesting fact that she is divorced seem to bother the gallants in Suitors' Hall. Neither does she face a blank economic future if she chooses not to marry again. In view of these changes, one might innocently suppose that the alimony situation has been revised. Well it has—but the revision has been constantly upward! With less reason for drawing alimony, women are drawing more than ever.

So gross have certain alimony claimants (and their lawyers) become in abusing the institution, that we were considerably cheered when one sensible judge handed down a decision embodying the following facts:

"The claimant, like every other woman, is traditionally entitled to alimony. But she claims $150 a week. On what basis? Before her marriage she was a beauty-parlor attendant who never made more than forty dollars a week. After living in marriage with the defendant a year, during which time she performed no household duties, bore no children and became accustomed to comparative luxury, she secures a divorce on the ground of incompatibility, and demands excessive alimony. In cutting down her demands to twenty-five dollars a week, I take occasion to point out that she has her former profession to fall back upon, plus a weekly sum more than half as great as her average earnings. She has done extremely well by herself already, and I do not think she will suffer long, or acutely, on a sparse income of twenty-five dollars a week."

A Daniel! a Daniel! Oh that there were more of them, to take the whole matter out of the joke-books and put it back in the sober region of sanity.

STATE socialism, which in 1915 was given an ambitious trial in North Dakota, has apparently entered the somniferous, if not altogether lethal stage of atrophy. The State-owned creameries, mills and grain-elevators are either mired in debt or the prey of incessant factional controversy. The State Building Loan Fund is nearly half a million dollars in the red. In 1929, after fourteen years of experiment and failure, the state socialism of North Dakota is acknowledged to be an illusion, a discarded theory, a total loss. Of the idealistic Townley program of 1915, only a few scattering adherents and some heavy public debts remain.

It is in no gloating mood that we appraise the wreck of Townley's Utopian state. It was a noble experiment, and the failure of all such experiments casts blue shadows across the sun of our political hopes. But the State-owned mills of North Dakota, and of most government-owned enterprises, end in ruin because there is no biologic need for them to show a profit. And in a world of double-entry bookkeeping, profit is the first law of existence. Coleridge's notion of an ideal community on the banks of the Susquehanna, composed of twelve ladies and twelve gentlemen, suffered from somewhat the same blithe indifference to economic law that marked the downward careers of Brook Farm, and the North Dakotan experiment. There are many defects in the capitalistic system, but thus far it may claim one important advantage over its idealistic rival—it actually works.

Have You a Detective in Your Home

To-Day's Craze for Crime in Fiction, and Its Causes

John Farrar

To a casual observer, a visiting English lecturer, for example, it might seem that the American nation had suddenly gone murder mad. We play murder games, we have our murder authorities, and within little over a year the crime story in various forms has multiplied rapidly in numbers and in devotees. This casual observer might be greatly concerned. "What a morbid nation," he might say. He might even blame this phenomenon on the shy bootlegger and his companionate hijacker. He might go so far as to find a connection in the magnificent publicity recently accorded the dope peddlers; in short, his conclusions might be that the vast appeal of detective stories was the sign of and the result of a decay in the fiber of a race, sociologically alarming and cause for the forming of another preventive society for the incarceration of detective-story writers and their publishers.

To find that it is not, as a rule, the morbidly inclined who read detective stories, will take you only a brief tour of inspection among your friends. The most rotund of optimists, complex free and digestively sound, reach avidly for the latest Oppenheim or Wallace. In fact, one rarely finds a pale, liverish poet, one jump ahead of delirium tremens or matricide, deeply engrossed in the works of Miss Agatha Christie. The great increase in the popularity of this type of literature in America seems to me to have several contributory causes—that we are a trifle weary of realism and want relaxing romance; that we are developing a national love for the puzzle and other types of mental games; that we are, alas, snobs! Before I go into the intricate explanations of the above statements, I should say that there is no question that the increase of crime, the influence of the tabloids, the activities of prohibition, have somewhat enlarged our morbid interest in the literature of *crime analysis*. However, the great wave of popular favor is not directed toward this type of story, but toward that of *crime detection*, as will be evident in a later detailing of the various kinds of stories that may be grouped under these headings, and the publics highly specialized for each of them.

The popularity of various types of romantic fiction waxes and wanes in cycles. At the moment, the historical novel is not in vogue *as an historical novel*. A few writers, such as E. Barrington and Sabatini, retain their followers, but an historical novel by an unknown stands little

chance of reaching many readers. It is my belief that within six months or a year we shall be turning to the historical novel much as we are now reading the detective story. In the same way, there have been vogues of war fiction, western fiction, sex romance and so on. Such fiction may be treated in many ways. It may be written as *literature* or as the cheapest *journalism*. The spotlight of popularity, the wave of popular feeling, springs mostly from the bones of a story, not from its flesh or the flesh's adornments.

For ten or fifteen years the detective story had waned. Of course the good detective story would always have its faithful followers. Reputations made formerly, Oppenheim, Mrs. Rinehart, Packard, Fletcher, Conan Doyle, Valentine Williams, Sax Rohmer and others, retained their public; but no new impetus had been given to whet the public appetite. A detective story was something to be read in the hammock or during convalescence. One discussed Sherwood Anderson or John Galsworthy at the dinner-table, never J. S. Fletcher. To be sure, one heard rumors that President Wilson read all the latest detective stories, that Miss Amy Lowell had a standing order at the Old Corner Bookstore in Boston for every detective story published that looked at all promising. Yet these were isolated cases. We put it down to pose, possibly, or forgot it as the amiable weakness of great minds.

Then the cross-word puzzle overwhelmed us as a fad, a fad which has persisted in solid affection with the public long after the zenith of its appeal. The cross-word proved a relaxation to tired minds caught up in the whirl of modern life. A type of mental activity had been discovered that offered mental rest and yet kept the mind and the fingers occupied. Following the cross-word puzzle craze came other mental and pencil games, some of them played popularly across the country, others starting at least in that gossipy New York set which so often succeeds in giving the snow-ball of a fad its first push down the hill. I believe then, that it was the *game spirit* which gave first impetus to the new vogue of the detective story.

In a recent number of "The Saturday Review of Literature," William Bolitho, the English crime authority, regrets that the detective story has fallen into such bad days—days of popularity, you see, when the highbrow can no longer claim it as his especial province. He cites the two detective problem books, "Murder" and "The Baffle Book," as proof that the enchanting form which "belongs to Poe, out of a hint by Voltaire" has fallen into ways in which we have gained only an indoor game and are losing a literary form. He wishes that certain young poets struggling with modernistic themes would turn their shoulders to receive the gloomy mantle of Mr. Poe. He misses in much of current fiction the atmosphere, the imagination and the artifice that graced the early Doyle and made Poe the genius that he was. This is a tenable viewpoint. I do not quarrel with it. Sometimes a Poe creates a vogue; occasionally a Poe is created by a vogue. I feel that if Mr. Bolitho will look far enough he will find in this—from his standpoint—welter of current crime sto-

ries, several of note. I can suggest two—"Death in the Dusk" by Virgil Markham and "Into the Abyss" by John Knittel. In the case of the former, a young poet has turned his attention to the tale of horror and detection. In the latter, we have a murder story, but not a detective. To a certain extent, "The Door of Death" by John Esteven belongs in the same category.

The intention of this article is not to discuss the literature of crime and detection as literature, but to pry into its popular qualities. The largest number of readers for any one detective story in America is for that story which has ingenuity, some quality of atmosphere but not too much, some characterization but not too much, and, most important of all, a vigor which I should like to call "gusto." Without this final quality no story of crime can be popular, and with it, the other characteristics I have enumerated do not so much matter. If the author has a slight sense of humor, so much the better, but not very much the better. If a love scene is put in without spoiling the flow of the story, it does not detract; but the detective-story fan in his purest type does not demand the romantic note. You may ask here, "What about plausibility?" In America, a certain type of crime story, to be sure, must have a semblance of truth. In England, where the public is apparently less sophisticated in taste, which may mean that they are more so in actuality, this does not seem to matter. However, some of our most popular mystery stories have been far from plausible. The pure detective story must, of course, be possible. I remember that Frank Packard once said to me, "I believe that the public will accept the *seemingly plausible*, but never the *impossible*." This seems an interesting differentiation, and one worth pondering.

The most definite cause of the present craze for crime fiction is the fact that we are *snobs*—intellectual snobs to be sure. We had heard through the pens of the "colyumnists" that the intellectuals were playing their murder games, that the books of Edmund Pearson, William Bolitho and others interested in murder, were being read by those in the know. One heard again of the monumental work of Hans Gross and books containing studies of famous criminals and trials sprang into being. William Roughead again appealed, and Lord Birkenhead. While here we had an intellectualized morbidity, perhaps it sowed the seed for the man who crystallized our snobbery—that is, S. S. Van Dine. Whoever decided to serialize "The Canary Murder Case" in the heavily traditioned pages of "Scribner's" was actually responsible for the detective and mystery story revival. Willard Huntington Wright, esthete and critic, always a skilful journalist and a man of exceptionally rich background, when he conceived himself as S. S. Van Dine and created his asinine detective, turned the trick. You have probably heard many persons say that they read S. S. Van Dine's stories in spite of *Philo Vance*. This may be true; but it was largely because of the effete and impossible *Mr. Vance* that S. S. Van Dine sprang to the best-seller list. He had

been preceded there shortly before by Miss Christie and he was followed by Frances Noyes Hart; but it was he who brought this form of composition back to where it had been when Mrs. Rinehart wrote "The Circular Staircase." *Philo Vance* and the mystery of S. S. Van Dine's identity became dinner-table conversation. Mr. Van Dine acutely combined several of the elements which, singly, often make for great popularity. Miss Christie has created a mysterious character for herself; so has Mr. Van Dine. Like Conan Doyle and Chesterton, he created also a detective. He wrote the story of detection and deduction, the puzzle novel, in other words. He created atmosphere, with just enough horror and a touch of the highbrow to please the critics and the public that likes to feel itself a trifle above the ordinary. To this he added a parade of knowledge of crime authorities and the new psychology to capture the specialists. It was an admirable and clever concoction and it served not only his purpose but the purposes of a host of other writers and of the publishers, always eager to exploit any vogue. Add to this the influence of our book clubs in spreading the slogan of "*Reading what you ought to read*" and you have the whole story.

There remains still the, to me at least, fascinating task of differentiation in the fiction group loosely designated as mystery or detective stories. Like many another member of publishers' editorial departments, I was faced with the necessity of meeting the public demand for these stories. By way of parenthesis here I might say that the magazine editor's problem was different, or at any rate, he has shown that he felt it to be different. My analysis is, therefore, of books, not of magazine serials. In the course of the last year I have read, or tasted, hundreds of these stories and helped to select from among them a few. Originally, and before this present vogue, my only real reading relaxation was this type of yarn. Within the type, the kind I preferred will for the present be my own secret. It was not, I assure you, highly intellectual. There came a time last summer when this joy left me. I was fed up on mystery stories. I found only a task before me. For refuge I fled to the difficult passages of Benedetto Croce and the philosophers. However, I have now returned to normal and keep a thriller on my night table all the time.

To explain what I mean by "gusto" let me tell you a thing that happened to me during the period in which I was tired of thrillers. I had read a story which seemed to me a corker. It was accepted for publication and set in type. Some one else who read the proof announced, "This is terrible stuff. Why did we ever accept this?" So indicted, I reread it in proof and blushed deeply. It did seem terrible; badly written, amateurish, silly. "Well," I said, "forgive me—I must have been having an off night. I'll try to do better." Now the funny part of it is that this story is one of the most successful of the autumn crop. The highbrows don't like it, but the fans do. When I read it first, without self-consciousness, with the initial love of the pull the yarn had for me, I recognized—what? That it had "gusto."

A mechanical division of crime

stories into types and their public into groups is not easy—though Carolyn Wells did it years ago and admirably. The types tend to blend into one another, as I have shown in the case of S. S. Van Dine; but, here goes for at least a fairly complete list:

1. The horror story.
2. The puzzle novel.
3. The mystery story.
4. The fantastic pursuit story.
5. The underworld story.
6. The murder story.

Any one of these stories may or may not have a detective in its cast of characters; therefore, I have not used the word detective in my list at all. And any one of them may be written by an artist or by a hack.

In general, each type of story has its public, although a masterpiece transcends any limited class of readers. Not as a rule, however, does the public for the first group care for stories in the fifth, nor admirers of the second enjoy so heartily the fourth.

It was from the old German horror story that our first type started, I fancy. Certainly this type needs no explanatory word; it will always have a following. Further, many stories of other types make use of the element of horror. Poe's "The Pit and the Pendulum" is a perfect example. "Dracula," atrociously written, shows how vitality can secure popularity. "The Hound of the Baskervilles" shows how this element can be most successfully combined with the others.

What I have called the "puzzle novel" has many variations and includes most of the present crop of detective stories. Guessing or not guessing the criminal is the test. The true lover of these stories likes them best when they are sparse and unornamented, as are most of the novels of J. S. Fletcher, R. Austin Freeman and Freeman Wills Crofts. Many divisions might be made in this group, for here would come the classifications of the specialist in crime detection, the deductive or inductive method of reason, and all the jargon of Scotland Yard, Mulberry Street or the *Sûreté*. In this group would come a majority of the old and the new favorites, although most of them are taken out of the intellectual puzzle game and given substance by characterization and humor. Miss Christie and Mrs. Rinehart belong here, Chesterton and Doyle and Father Knox, Mrs. Hart and Kay Cleaver Strahan, Dorothy Sayers, Charles Barry, Hulbert Footner, Valentine Williams, Earl Derr Biggers and a host of others. Without doubt this is the type of story which, where most expertly contrived, reaches the greatest number of persons. Yet the authors essaying this form find it more difficult to keep their public, perhaps because it is a public of the head rather than the heart.

The pure "mystery story," our third group, is not often written. Sax Rohmer writes it and E. Phillips Oppenheim, although both also write other types. The mystery story is usually combined with other forms, as with the novel in its more general sense, and its public is found in that manner. It is not a crime story at all. It may involve a crime, not a murder. A murder may be incidental. A Western story often has a

touch of mystery, a story of international intrigue, an oriental extravaganza, an adventure story with varying settings, a love story. An excellent example of this type is Oppenheim's "The Golden Beast" or any one of the South Sea stories of Frank Packard. The public for this story is that which likes the tale of adventure and intrigue; but if the touch of mystery is added, it increases rather than detracts from its popularity.

The "fantastic pursuit story" is—and I might as well confess it here and now—my favorite. It has the most faithful, but not the largest following. Mr. Oppenheim has written it, and it is much more popular in England than in the United States. Mr. Edgar Wallace is its chief modern exponent. It has little to do with reality and it is exceeding difficult to write, because the hair-line between what its followers will swallow and what they will reject is drawn very fine. It may have all the elements of my other classifications, but it must have more "gusto" than any of them. It springs directly from Greek tragedy, because it is the pursuit of a criminal by Fate to the inevitable punishment, with the hero or the detective or the detective-hero acting as *deus ex machina*. Its plot is usually something about a beautiful girl caught in the toils of a villain and rescued after a series of frightful adventures. It asks you to believe in poison cups and mysterious houses and hairbreadth escapes and everything in any way imaginable. It is the grown-up fairy-story with the ogre and the beautiful princess. It is *swell!* But one has to be a child at heart to love it. Long after the vogue for other stories has passed these yarns will go on. They may have little to do with literature or art, but they are the life blood of entertainment—melodrama!

The "underworld story," our fifth type, appeals strongly to men. It may not have any mystery element whatsoever. MacKinlay Kantor's "Diversey" is a recent example and also Morley Callaghan's "Strange Fugitive." Usually these are the gang stories and they have had for many years a following which will not pass. Like the Western story they go up and down in popular esteem, but the best of them always prevail. Bootlegging has brought a modern note to these yarns.

The "murder story," our last type, falls more in the class of true crime literature. It is the psychological study of murder or a murderer, or by extension other types of crime or criminals. "Les Miserables" is one of the greatest. A recent example is Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "The Story of Ivy" in which we know at the start who committed the murder.

In the old days it was said that men were the chief readers of detective and mystery stories. This is still true of some types of story but it is impossible for a book to reach broadly into the best-seller class without feminine appeal, so it must be that women as a sex are coming more to need this type of relaxation. "How long will the vogue last?" you ask. For the best, always; for the mediocre, a year or two at the most. But some variation of the crime story will always be popular, no matter what name we who think we know and who dare to write articles about it, may find as a label.

A Modern's Search in Science

The Priest Becomes the Physician and the Physician the Priest

S. T.

Probably no subject—unless it be religion—is provocative of such violent and contradictory opinion to-day, as the subject of psychoanalysis. The young liberals swear by it. The older conservatives shudder at it. There are ministers who hold it to be as diabolical as evolution, and all its workings pernicious and demoralizing. Other ministers, such as Dr. Worcester and Dr. Fosdick, find the new psychology so valuable in the daily work of their pastoral confessionals, that they go to a college or a clinic and patiently toil through a stiff two or three year course, for the knowledge they may gain therefrom. Perhaps those who feel most passionately are the erstwhile patients of psychoanalysts—people who have either been cured, and their "whole lives made over"; or who tell you indignantly of the "absolute waste" of hundreds of dollars and much good time, in a lot of messy stuff they wish they'd never heard of, and are now heartily trying to forget.

In the midst of all this contradiction and confusion, immensely valuable is the sane and well-balanced report of such a man as Dr. William Brown—bringing his seasoned and comprehensive point of view developed out of years as a practising physician, in addition to his months of intensive and illuminating experience with shell-shocked soldiers at the front. He has become internationally recognized as one of the very finest of psychotherapists. You will notice that Dr. Brown, like a number of other physicians, prefers to call his specialty psychotherapy instead of psychoanalysis, since this word has come to have a restricted connotation in consequence of the special theory of Freud.

While giving an excellent résumé of that theory, and expressing appreciation of Freud's method—which virtually every modern psychotherapist employs to some extent—Dr. Brown makes it clear that he does not by any means share Freud's basic conviction: that all psychoneuroses or emotional and mental disturbances, can invariably be traced to the sex motive. Dr. Brown maintains that while many cases can certainly be traced to sex disturbance (because that set of instincts is so delicate, and so easily disturbed), other cases are found to spring from the instincts of self-preservation, self-assertion, gregariousness, and so forth. And—this, I think, is one of the most valuable points in his paper, and one most profoundly to be appreciated by parents and teachers

—he shows that sex complexes and sex perversions where they do exist, arise not nearly so often from original abnormality as from chance occurrences.

Every one who has studied case histories, in a clinic or from medical reports, must have been impressed with the truth of this statement—the amazing number of cases of abnormality that began with some thoughtless or deliberately perverse move by an older person toward a young one. And who of us cannot go back into his own early days and drag forth some dark impression, some unhappy adventure—that hung over him for years, and that even now he finds difficult to shake off?

We all know from experience that the Jesuits are right—that the first years of a child's life set the mold and make the impress for all the years to come. Parents cannot be too careful in choosing the nurses, tutors, governesses and others who are to be with and guard their children during this formative time. Nor too careful in the attitude they themselves take toward their children concerning all intimate matters—making them feel, as Dr. Brown says, that if anything unusual or unpleasant does occur, they can come at once and talk it out. Nine tenths of the mental and nervous misery in this world would be avoided, I venture to say, if these two simple rules were generally followed. But most children are made to feel that their parents would be shocked at the mere mention of certain subjects, that they would "preach" and condemn, instead of understand and help. Hence the silent repressions, self-condemnations, sense of guilt and nervous derangements, that dog so many adult lives.

"What can I do about my children?" asked a mother of four, despairingly. "I've wanted them so much, but now that I have them the responsibility is awful. All these crimes, these dangers that children are exposed to nowadays—what *can* one do?"

"You can make your child like you," said the physician to whom she spoke, "make him know that there is nothing he cannot bring to you, nothing he cannot discuss with you, nothing that could ever make you turn away from him. You can, if you are so fortunate, make your child always turn instinctively to you, as to his closest friend. That is the most, and the best you can do—that is the control *you* have on the situation."

The plasticity of life in its early years—and of the substratum of disease in its early stages: this seems to me the first point we are impressed with in psychotherapy. Most illnesses in their early stages are curable, says Dr. Brown—"Their physical substratum is plastic in nature. . . . Much of the physical medicine of the future will be concerned with what is called prophylaxis—the preventing of illness, detecting illness in very early stages, and checking its further progress."

I was talking last week to another great psychologist—Dr. Morton Prince. He said, "It has been proved by statistics that fifty to seventy per cent of all disease is functional; hence in two thirds of all disease it is not drugs and physical therapy, but mental methods, psychotherapy,

that is needed, and that alone can effect a cure."

Dr. L. E. Emerson, practising psychologist of the Massachusetts General Hospital, also told me: "It is surprising the strange varieties of disease that may be traced to mental causes and that yield to mental treatment. All sorts of functional disorders I have traced to personal conflict—in the home, or the business and social life of the sufferer. They are cured by bringing up into consciousness those issues that are the real cause of the disturbance, by doing away with the unnatural repression, bringing the patient into normal relations with himself and with society."

And that tremendous statement of Dr. Brown—"It is possible that the most effective treatment of illness in any part of the body in early stages is similar to treatment of so-called functional nervous diseases in their very early stages." Which is to say that, virtually, fifty to seventy per cent of all disease proceeds from mental causes and can be cured by mental methods. And as germs and accidents come from conditions which can usually be avoided by human intervention we shall probably be saying, in another twenty years, that all disease comes from causes humanly preventable. A long cry from the day when we were resigned to such afflictions as "the will of God!" And a situation perhaps not less but more difficult for us —since it brings responsibility down to our own door, instead of removing it conveniently to the gates of a far-off Creator.

Again and again it is brought home to us—that *we* are the creators of our present conditions: disease, nervous disturbances, the havoc of so-called natural calamities. Back and back we come to it—through Lord Haldane's relativity, Sir J. C. Bose's plant experiments, Dr. Thomson's natural history, Dr. Benedict's science of custom, and now Dr. Brown's latest medical science and psychotherapy. The creative power of man over his own conditions and destiny: the plastic mind of the child in the nurseries; the terribly plastic, terribly impressionable mind of each human being we come in contact with—influence—and change. We are only just beginning to appreciate the power that we wield over these plastic minds and bodies; and that they are actually formed and transformed by the ideas repeatedly impressed upon them.

We know this now not only from the "affirmations" and vague generalizations of metaphysical healers, but from the scientifically verified statement of conservative medical men, based on years of careful experiment.

Sustained thought and emotion give definite structure to sensitive and responsive matter—the nervous and cellular substance of our bodies. At present this force of thought and feeling is being used for the most part blindly and unconsciously; and cancels out its own mixed messages. We by our daily and hourly influence on each other, by our careless passing on (fixing) of all sorts of ideas and impressions, indiscriminately—create a haphazard, crazy world. Having created it, we must needs then create psychotherapists to deal with the mental and emotional wrecks such a world produces.

But as I once heard Anna Howard Shaw say, apropos of changing her career from preacher to doctor to political and economic campaigning: "I realized that the sensible place to work was at the top of the precipice —not after the victims had gone over the side!"

The office of the psychotherapist has always seemed to me like a war hospital where men were pieced together—only to be sent back into the firing-line whence they had come: the same economic, emotional and political warfare which will inevitably in the end break them again. A great physician once told me that practically every story of illness and suffering related in his consulting room, began with one of two phrases: "My business . . ." or "My husband . . ."

Effectively to deal with psychological disturbances, to heal mental and emotional diseases, we must change the causes, the system, the economic and moral and spiritual conditions that go on producing these disturbances, and leading inevitably to nervous and physical breakdown. This involves scrutiny of our marriage laws and institutions, our moral code, our family life, our dearest traditions—and prejudices: comparing them with the laws and institutions of other peoples, trying impartially to determine what may be best for a wiser and healthier civilization of the future.

Analysis of abnormal conditions, revision of values, reorganization round a clear-cut reasoned philosophy: this seems to me the treatment needed for a sick and nervous world, as well as for neurotic individuals. The psychoanalyst can do much to help in individual reconstruction, but we individuals must work together to effect the general reconstruction of the system—wiser marriage arrangements, a less harrowing economic condition, less political insecurity—in short, *less pressure* and repression, more spontaneous natural life.

As to the best method of individual psychotherapeutic cure, there has been considerable argument. The suggestionist school of healers contend that analysis is detrimental because it conveys so much bad suggestion in the course of its "cure." The analysts say, of what good is suggestion if the cause of the difficulties is still unremoved and goes merrily on, creating deeper difficulties to neutralize your suggestion? Christian Science and New Thought say that neither analysis nor suggestion is the effectual way, but "to know the truth" concerning God and man and the indissoluble oneness between them.

Dr. Brown shows that both suggestion and analysis are needed, to effect a permanent psychological cure. And that the two must be supplemented by a third and indispensable thing: self-knowledge, and spiritual reorientation. For this an analyst is required who is himself spiritually oriented and secure. How many such analysts and physicians are there? How many men of character and insight are there in any business or profession?

It has been lack of capacity on the part of the average analyst to go beyond the technical rules of his method, and the intellectual purlieus

of his limited theory, that has caused almost as much damage as help through psychoanalysis. After about as many failures as cures, the analysts themselves are waking to the fact that technical psychology, and medical proficiency, are not enough to make a successful psychotherapist.

"I am more and more convinced," says Charles Baudouin, head of the Psychological Institute at Geneva, "that certain purely moral qualities —qualities of honesty, of justice, of mental tolerance and spiritual insight—are truly principles of method, no less indispensable to the knowledge of a science than the logical rules of Descartes." Psychotherapy has too often been attempted by men quite without this essential spiritual equipment—men of limited perspective, thin and didactic intellect, arrogant and supercilious personality. You can never have a clear mind—therefore profound and true understanding of any science—where there is egotism. In psychology, in science, in religion, we are driven back ultimately to the same final necessity—character. The understanding and wisdom that comes from broad experience of life, and habitual reactions to life of the highest and finest sort.

Thus the physicians are coming more and more to appreciate and reach out toward spiritual quality; and the spiritual healers are at last getting a trustworthy, accurate theory and method for the science of healing that they have been more or less erratically and unsystematically practising. Intellect is serving spirit, and spirit is better grounded and balanced because of intellectual and scientific integrity.

All of these different contributions have been needed for the complete science of mind and body. Each of these healing groups has made its special gift to the science of psychology now evolving. Psychoanalysis furnished the technique for finding the cause of the abnormal condition. The Coué school emphasized the tremendous power and receptivity of the subconscious mind —the transformations that can be wrought through its response to suggestion. New Thought and Christian Science have given strong, positive principles, constructive convictions, on which to build a new attitude, hence new conditions. No cure can be complete without all of these elements judiciously combined and supplementing one another.

The psychotherapists and physicians have the advantage of knowing what they're doing—of making no claims or assumptions that they cannot substantiate. Four years' medical course is itself a discipline and training unobtainable by the healer who jumps into the office of a "practitioner," at the end of a course of twelve lessons. The metaphysicians on the other hand, have the advantage of their strong spiritual consciousness, of living with the spiritual side of life constantly and constructively uppermost.

It is possible (though still rare) to have both the scientific knowledge and the spiritual consciousness. Both must be present in the truly dependable healer. And when healing is understood in its true significance—as we have seen it in this study, a complex science involving cure for both mind and body—it will be seen that the one is as indispen-

sable as the other. We have just now on foot an interesting movement which promises finely to combine the two: the proposed association of the Federated Churches and the Academy of Medicine in New York (following on the decision of the churches to develop their healing work).

And there has been for years the Emmanuel Movement founded by Dr. Worcester in Boston, the only spiritual healing movement approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, out of the hundreds he investigated. During the twenty years of their work, the Emmanuel people have never had a death, or a suicide, of any patient under their care—because they have worked always in consultation with the medical profession. Each side gave the special knowledge and help it was qualified to give. Neither overreached itself.

And what was the result? Each learned from the other, respected the other, gradually assimilated and incorporated the good things of the other—until imperceptibly the priest becomes the physician, and the physician the priest. And in the end, I believe, the two vocations will be merged, as they were in the old days; only with the new light of science, in place of the old superstition. And the day will eventually come for all mankind when we shall be physically clean because we are spiritually whole.

(Next Month: *Year's Summary and Conclusion*)

What Is Sex Equality

And What Are the Feminists Trying to Accomplish

Ethel M. Smith

Next month will see the re-revival of a lively international dispute in the woman movement. The question is most sharply at issue among organized women in the United States and England, but it has occupied two triennial congresses of the International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, and is now brewing for the 1929 triennial gathering at Berlin, where our country and many others will be represented. It marks a cleavage which seems inevitable in every organized movement for a great cause, dividing the Utopians and absolutists, on the one hand, from the realists and pragmatists on the other. The anti-slavery movement had this schism, the woman suffrage movement had it, the peace movement has always had it, the feminist movement has it now. To some feminists, indeed, the thing is so acute that for others of us even to use the word feminist is to invite from the extremists a challenge to our authenticity. Our "radicals," in other words, are typically intolerant and contemptuous of our "liberals." Unless you are feminist to the exclusion and obliteration of every other issue in the world, you must not claim to be a feminist at all!

Behind this foolish phase, however, there lies a question that goes to the very root of the woman movement. The battle-cry has been "Equality!" But what are we trying to accomplish when we say we want equality with men? What *is* equality between men and women?

The feminist disputants have made it clear that there are at least two ideas on that subject. One is the idea that to have equality, men and women must have exactly the same things, and be treated in all respects as if they were alike. The other idea is that to have equality men and women must each have the things best suited to their respective needs, which are not all the time, nor in all things, alike.

To me, the choice between those two definitions is an easy one. The first concept involves the measurement of one sex by the other, the imitation of one sex by the other, and hence the subordination of one to the pattern of the other; which is precisely the thing we have been all these years rebelling against! We have seen the imitative feminist—she was a manifestation of the immature years of the woman movement, which produced the mannish "new" woman, and even the trousered woman long before her time. It appears in other forms, where

women, in order to be equal to men, have tried to be like men, and do the things men do.

This copying of men's standards, or men's ways, presupposes an inferiority in women which I for one reject. It leads, moreover, to a ruthless demand that the needs of women be measured by the needs of men, irrespective of their sometimes very different requirements as husbands and wives, as fathers and mothers, and as sexes. It ignores the most important human right—a chance for self-fulfilment. It does not appear to me as feminism, but as a narrow, rigid, empty, mechanical equalitarianism. Yet these are the feminists who claim theirs is the only true feminist faith, and the rest of us are renegades.

The other concept of equality is more human. It recognizes men and women as different in many respects, and sees no inferiority in difference. It provides for women's development in women's way, whether that be men's way or not. It sees in woman's creative instinct something usually different in expression from the creative instinct in men, and would give her the best environment for fulfilment of her motherhood, as well as opportunity for whatever else she may elect to do. It wants, in short, equality as a minimum. Beyond equality in things that can be measured, it would give opportunity for immeasurable diversity.

That, to my thinking, is the higher purpose of the woman movement, far transcending the equalitarian goal.

But these are aims and principles. What do we mean when we bring the matter down to cases? That of course, is the test of aims and principles, and of our meaning. Concretely, what is the equality we seek?

It was, primarily, the right to vote, which has now been won in nearly all the English-speaking countries of the world, and nearly all the rest of Europe except the Latin nations. But there are other rights which did not come automatically with the right to vote, and there are still innumerable inequalities between men and women, both in law and custom. Most tangible objectives for our attack are those inequalities which are embedded in the law. In our campaign for equality we have rewritten many laws. But—for example:

In nearly half the States, women are subject to jury service. Yet in nearly half of those, they are not compelled to serve. There was considerable argument on that point when the laws were passed, because some of us thought that jury duty should be compulsory for women, on the same terms as for men. But the rest of us said: It isn't fair to drag away from home, for days or weeks at a time, a woman who has little children and has to do all her own work. She ought to be excused, and the law should make an exception in her case.

But how can we, somebody urged, have equal rights for women and men, if a woman can be excused for a reason which does not exempt a man?

We can, was the reply, unless you mean that to be different is to be unequal. Women are equal to men, but their family duties are different,

though fully equal to men's. Let women who are free to serve be subject to jury duty, but excuse the housewives who are mothers of children under school age, if they want to be excused.

This argument won with some legislatures, and so the law in those States recognizes such exemptions. Even in the States whose laws have no such excusatory clauses (and there are ten of these), the judges, I am told, excuse the mothers of little children if they ask to be excused—so general is the recognition of the special rights and duties of mothers.

But what, say you, are equal rights for men and women in a case like that?

We have also been revising, in many States, the married women's property laws. Long ago, years before suffrage was granted, this revision was begun, the first change being to give married women the right to make a will. Then some States secured to women full ownership and control of whatever real estate they possess at the time they marry, and the income it may bring. But some have left the old provision of dower and curtesy, under which husbands inherit more of their wives' property than wives inherit from their husbands, if there is no will. And some have failed to secure to the wife ownership and control of her own earnings if she works outside her home. Now that women as voters have a voice in these matters, we mean to have that situation equalized, and we have a committee of women lawyers at work on it.

But what shall our new law provide? The question is not so simple as it sounds. Our women lawyers, some of them, favor the community property system, some favor separate property for husband and wife. Their views depend upon how they look at marriage; that is, whether it is to be an association of two economically independent individuals, or a partnership in which all resources are pooled and shared. In either case, however, just what provisions of law will make things entirely equal?

If husband and wife are to be economically independent individuals, and each has property or income sufficient for self-support, the question of equal or reciprocal rights can be settled in kind, in terms of money for each. But most married couples are not so placed. Very, very often the wife has no income, and the husband has only the wages he earns. So she runs the house and he earns the money to pay the bills—a division of labor and a difference of function and terms, which make it difficult to measure the contribution of each in terms of the other. And which doesn't become any more simple, or any more equal, or give any more independence, if we provide that the husband pay wages and take on the character of employer of his wife.

But perhaps the wife earns wages away from home—doing her housework besides. We have made a considerable stir on the subject of a wife's right to the wages she earns. If we give her full and free right to her wages, shall her husband have full and free right to all of his? Or does he still owe her something for running the house? None of this matters, of course, so long as they

agree about whatever arrangement they make. But suppose one or the other gets tired of the arrangement, feels aggrieved, and goes to court for redress? That is where the law comes into play. And what should the law say about it?

The community property system would give each partner a half-interest in their combined estates. But here, too, enters the question of how to divide *control.* How can two people control an investment if one wants to sell and the other does not? Earnings, too, are a part of the community property, and one partner probably earns more than the other. Is it fair to lump the earnings of both and then divide by two?

I know a former newspaper woman who holds a full-time salaried job, not on a paper, runs a home for her husband and three children, and does free-lance writing on the side. The latter to keep her name before the editors, so she won't have to start all over again when she comes back to newspaper work, as she hopes to do eventually. "Think the unthinkable for a moment," I said to her one day, "and tell me what would be your idea of a square deal as between you and George if you should decide to separate?"

She thought hard on that unthinkable thing before she replied. "I was on my way up in my profession, George in his. We made about the same money. We married and I kept on working till the first baby came. Then I stopped, for my health's sake and the baby's. It was two years before the next child came, but I could not give full time to another job, and take care of the baby too. Then with the two, and later three babies, I had less time than ever. Now, after twelve years, to get back into the game, I have to start virtually all over again. Professionally, I'm eleven years behind the place I might have been."

"And if from now on you and George are to assume equal responsibility for the care of the children, and live apart, where does that leave you? On an equal footing with him?"

"Not at all. I'd loathe alimony, of course. And anyway, how fix a money value on the experience of motherhood and one's babies, as compared with progress in one's profession? Nevertheless, professionally, I've lost ground. And George has not."

"Would it be fair for George to supply the money for the children's needs and you be free of financial responsibility, at least until you had regained some of your lost ground?"

"How can I tell?" she said. "If we were separating amicably, we could work it out between us. If we were unfriendly—well, I don't know the answer, do you?"

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It is easy enough to revise some laws, and make them bear equally on men and women. Laws about holding public office, for instance. And probably about guardianship of children. And possibly marriage laws—yet, what about the age of marriage? Is there anything to the idea that girls mature earlier in life than boys? And if so, do we mean merely physical maturity for the girl, and require for the boy a maturer sense of responsibility, as well as physical maturity? Is this what we mean in the twenty-nine States that fix eighteen years as the legal age of

marriage for girls, and twenty-one years for boys?

On the other hand, some States fix twenty-one years as the legal age for both sexes. Have they concluded that the additional child or two that might have been born to the girl who married at eighteen (and who wants children) is less desirable than the added sense of married responsibility to be hoped for at twenty-one from girls and boys alike? Whatever the answer, we have to measure different things, and define equality, in terms which take account of difference. And is it not easier to imagine responsible motherhood at nineteen years than responsible fatherhood at that age?

These are questions of national and international import. Two of the commissions set up by the League of Nations, upon which the United States Government is officially represented, are trying to draft international conventions relating to child welfare and the traffic in women and children. In such draft proposals the legal age, the marriage age, the age of consent, and punishment for sex offenses are inevitably involved, and the question of equal treatment of the sexes must be dealt with. The International Labor Office has submitted, and many nations have adopted and ratified, labor conventions affecting employment conditions of women. There is pending now, before the Latin American governments, a proposed "Code of Private International Law" which will commit the signatories to significant changes in civil and social legislation directly affecting the rights and status of women.

International conventions, be it remembered, if adopted by the governments to which they are submitted, become the law of the land, or else call for parliamentary action which becomes the law. And that law nullifies all existing laws that may conflict with it. Must we not, then, think these international legislative problems through constructively and intelligently, and, on the basis of facts and their effect upon existing law, determine whether the new proposals conform to our concept of sex equality *in the phase of life concerned?* Must we not, in other words, define equality before we approve or disapprove legislation which may affect it, and for each instance where we ourselves attempt to frame legislation which is to secure it for us? Or shall we, as our absolutists do, take a stubborn stand against any law that is applied to women and not to men? Or that is not applied *alike* to men and women —even though it be a maternity law, or a statute penalizing rape? Shall the law deny the existence of sex differences, and of any circumstances under which men's and women's needs are different?

The question comes to us in the United States in two proposals for alleged short cuts to "equal rights." It will doubtless come to the international congress of women next month in one of these forms at least. One proposal is for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, the other for a treaty with the Latin-American states, which if feasible at all, may as well be made world-wide. Both proposals read, "Men and women shall have equal rights" in the designated jurisdictions.

This brave declaration of principle would fit well in the preamble to the United States Constitution, or the preamble to a treaty. But the proposal is to write it into the body of the instrument, where it would become the law of the land, and nullify all State and Federal laws in conflict with it. "Which means," say the proponents, "that there could henceforth be no laws that do not apply alike to men and women."

At first glance, possibly, it looks like that. The general and apparently simple terms of the proposal have an especially plausible international appeal. Why not this simple formula, a world-wide international agreement that "men and women shall have equal rights"? Let women march upon their parliaments, their premiers, kings and presidents all over the world, with this righteous demand—which in these days can not be answered "No."

The reason why not, of course, is that the formula, applied anywhere outside Utopia, is anything but a simple one, and its results may not be what we want. It merely states the problem we have been discussing in reverse. It begs the entire question, for we must have a common concept of what constitutes equality in the conditions of life that we would change. We must have this common concept in order to be able to frame a law, or else we must be willing to leave the question to the judges and the courts, sublimely confident that they will do what neither men nor women, in all the history of the world, have ever been able to do—evolve a constant definition of equality.

What would result were such a formula applied to the laws of other nations, we do not know without study of their codes and constitutions. But we have studied the proposal as to its probable results to the women of the United States, and we find that those results depend upon two things: What the existing law provides in each of our forty-eight States and the Federal statutes, and what the court may conceive equality to be—the court nearly always being a man or men.

For example, consider a case arising under a married woman's property law:

Mrs. R, whose husband has died without making a will, finds that under the law of her State, up to this date, she should inherit a life interest in one third of her husband's estate. But the same law provides that had she died first, without making a will, her husband would have inherited none of her property, because they had no children. And now, with an "equal rights" clause in the constitution, the question is how does the law apply to her? Is life interest in one third of an estate, unconditionally, equal to the whole of another estate, provided there are children? According to a professor of constitutional law, Professor Ernst Freund, of the University of Chicago, the court to which Mrs. R took her case would have to decide that it couldn't decide, until the legislature had passed some new law on the subject. So the amendment would not have done much for Mrs. R, who would not get any of her husband's property until the legislature had passed a law which the court would consider embodied satisfactorily equal terms of inheritance under the new constitutional man-

date. But the legislature can pass that same law now, without the constitutional amendment, and without holding up the settlement of Mr. R's estate.

Another case arises under the desertion laws. Mrs. X, the mother of six young children, has a neglectful husband, who finally deserts her. He makes a good deal of money, but he spends it on himself. For the children's sake she goes to court and sues him for maintenance. And he contests the suit. The law has, hitherto, in this State, held the husband liable for support of his wife and children. But, says the defense attorney, a new constitutional amendment provides that men and women shall have equal rights, and as the State law does not hold the wife responsible for support of the husband, as well as the husband responsible for support of the wife, the husband has not equal rights with his wife, and the law is unconstitutional. If the judge agrees with the defense attorney, Mrs. X can get no help through the courts. There are two ways to make things equal between two people—to give one what the other has not, or to take away what the one has. Constitutional law, as it happens, can only take away, it cannot add to the law in order to equalize the provisions. So, thinks one of Philadelphia's able attorneys, Mr. Edward Clark Lukens, Mrs. X would lose her right to support from her husband, because she was not required to support him.

Still another example is the case of Mrs. Y, a miner's widow. She has claimed the benefits of the mother's pension law, in order to keep her children with her. Next door to her is the motherless family of Mr. J, who is struggling hard to keep his children together under the care of the oldest child, a girl of twelve. This father is away all day at work, and he does not earn enough to employ somebody to keep his house. Could not he claim the benefits of the pension law, now that the constitution provides for "equal rights" for men and women?

He tries. But the law provides for payment of the benefits only to a needy mother, or some other woman who stands in that relation to the child. The question of constitutionality of the law is raised, and this case has to wait its turn on a crowded docket. Perhaps it is appealed from court to court. Meantime, Mrs. Y's case cannot be settled. The State disbursing officers hesitate to pay any claims while the constitutionality of the law is in question, and somebody applies for a writ of injunction against the enforcing officers.

The legislature meets, and a new law is proposed, making pensions for children's aid payable to fathers or other men, as well as to mothers or other women. This, if passed, might settle the question for both Mr. J and Mrs. Y, as well as the held-up payments to other claimants. But here we have a new issue, which staggers the legislature: Pensions, to be paid to able-bodied fathers, as a subsidy in lieu of the additional wage they need but are not earning. It is at the very least a proposal that calls for study, and that legislatures will be slow to adopt.

So the delay continues for Mr. J and Mrs. Y, and all the mothers and children previously benefited by the

mother's pension law—or children's aid law, as you will. To call it such does not alter the legal situation, and by the time the question is settled, says Miss Sophonisba Breckinridge, lawyer, and professor of social economy at the University of Chicago, the State administrative machinery for mother's pensions would have gone to pot.

A dozen other confused and destructive situations can be visualized as consequences of a constitutional provision for "equal rights" such as is proposed. What would happen to the laws providing for penalties for rape? Here is an act of which either sex may be guilty in the sense of solicitation, but of which only the man is capable by means of physical force. Therefore State laws fix a lighter penalty for women than for men. The amendment itself could equalize the application to men and women only by removing the penalty (wholly or in part) for men. Which fact leaves us with the question: Is equality under this kind of law attainable in exactly the same *terms* for women and men? Must not the provisions differ? And shall we call upon judge and jury to make a definition for a kind of equality we ourselves are not agreed upon in such a case as this?

What the amendment would do to the marriage laws is another interesting consideration, though the effect would be not so crucial, perhaps, as the effect upon age of consent. Many of the States do not fix an age of consent for boys, but punish men for seduction of very young girls. In some States, on the other hand, the law is more lenient to illegitimate fathers than to illegitimate mothers. The constitutional amendment would not add to existing law, but only take away the element of inequality. If the woman were relieved of responsibility, or penalty, in the interests of "equal rights," would justice be served, either to the community or the illegitimate child?

Most destructive of all the effects of the amendment because affecting greater numbers of people who are already at a disadvantage in life's competition, would be the nullification of the large group of health regulations and hours-of-labor laws for women, which apply directly to at least three million women. Such laws do not apply to working-men, or else not to the same groups of working-men as women. They regulate the hours for women and girls in factories, stores, and workshops, provide for seats, and regulate conditions affecting the health of the workers. Some of them prohibit the employment of women in extra-hazardous occupations, or under extra-hazardous conditions.

Not all of these are ideal laws, and a few are not defensible. But most of them are vitally important and could not be destroyed without lowering industrial standards for men and women both. Yet all of them, indiscriminately and ruthlessly, would go down before the amendment because they apply to women only. It matters not that men may not need them, or want them, or that there is no deep injustice in providing seats for women, when you cannot get seats for men, or pensions for mothers even though you cannot get them for fathers, too, as elsewhere we have pointed out. What

a retrogressive kind of equality it would be to withhold something good from one of your children just because you can't get the same thing for the other! And what a strange kind of sex emancipation it would be to say to women: You shall not have this until men have it, even though you need it now and want it, and men do not!

Yet that is the way the amendment would work as to health and labor laws for women which exist in nearly every State, and affect the lives and health of literally millions of working-women.

The amendment, we say then, will not do. We do not think this problem of inequalities between men and women can be dealt with satisfactorily by a single formula, for it concerns not one single, simple issue, but a multitude of complex human issues; the most complex in the world, because they involve the most intimate and personal relationships of life, the hardest of all to reach by law. Federal action could not simplify, but must on the contrary vastly complicate the problem of each State, because it attempts to apply the same rule or definition to forty-eight different sets of conditions under forty-eight different State codes and constitutions. "Nothing is more unequal," learned philosophers tell us, "than the equal treatment of unequals." And however strongly we may contend that men and women are equal, we cannot deny that their status is unequal, and it is that unequal, and uneven, status to which we must apply our corrective measures.

We have to conclude, I think, that there is no short cut to equality. It cannot be accomplished by formula, it must be worked out by study and painstaking effort. The seventy-odd years of the suffrage struggle brought many other gains in women's rights and opportunities. The worst of the inequalities had been removed in many States before the nation-wide vote was won, and in the past eight years the organized women voters have secured many new laws and changes in laws which have still further improved the status of women. At the same time, however, the very progress that has been made has emphasized the multiplicity and complexity of the issues involved, as the mere enumeration of enactments secured since 1920 will show:

Independent citizenship for married women	Federal statute
Eligibility to public office	13 States
Jury service	17 States
Party management	9 States
Equal pay in public employment	Federal statute
Equal pay in public employment	2 States
Married women's property rights (including inheritance)	16 States
Contract rights	7 States
Acting capacity	9 States
Domicile	4 States
Age of majority	6 States
Marriage age	10 States
Parental guardianship	26 States
Responsibility for illegitimate child	6 States
Support	5 States
Mothers' aid	21 States
Penalties for sex offenses	7 States
Age of consent	12 States
Reformatories and prisons for women	Federal statute
Reformatories and prisons for women	5 States
Regulating hours and fixing of minimum wages	18 States
Maternal and infant hygiene	Federal statute
Maternal and infant hygiene	45 States

The character of this list also suggests another thing. The laws obtained are probably those where women's most eager interests lie;

where the issue involved was clearest cut, the terms of equality relatively easy to define, or the issue of equality not the foremost issue in the minds of their advocates. Such questions as eligibility to public office, and equal guardianship of children, for example, are hardly debatable among women. As to mothers' pensions, maternity and infancy protection, the social value of the legislation outweighs any preciosity of reasoning as to whether men and women fare alike—for after all it is only a few feminists who are so extreme as to insist that the word "person" be substituted for "woman" or "mother" in maternity laws, in order, as they say, to make this type of law apply alike to both the sexes!

As to terms of jury service, on the other hand, women themselves are not agreed, nor are they sure just where equality lies in married women's property laws. On these subjects, therefore, legislation in some States undoubtedly waits on the conclusion of study or debate by women voters themselves.

And so it should. For after all, in plain cold fact, how can you frame a law until you know just what you want it to provide? And until you are sure on that point, what right have you to ask for legislation? Here is one of the responsibilities of our new citizenship—the responsibility of thinking *through*.

The sensible feminist plan, then, it seems to me, and even the most expeditious, is the one that has been thus far followed—a national program of equalizing legislation which, within the same range of subject-divisions, is State-determined for each State, and carefully drafted after study of each particular type of injustice that is to be cured. Such a program can be all positive, all constructive, and, facing facts and dealing with them as it goes, can make sure-footed progress toward its goal. It can do this because it recognizes the relativity of the thing it seeks.

Nothing is surer than the necessity for that. Merely *legal* sex equality is equality in a vacuum. Men and women are equal or unequal to each other according to what they are measured for. The kind of equality they need is that concrete thing that counts for most in the given situation in life.

If it is self-expression in government that is in question, what both sexes need to make them equal is obviously the right to vote, and to serve in public office.

If it is parenthood and family life, their needs are both different and the same. Where they are different, to measure them against each other is futile because the terms of measurement are not the same. What each parent needs here is protection of opportunity to function, and fathers do not need maternity legislation, whatever may be their corresponding need.

If it is the means of earning a livelihood that is in question, let us set up as a general rule that we will give to all men and women the widest and freest choice of occupation, along with the best training we can give for the struggle they will have to meet. Then let us recognize the economic character and complexities of that struggle, and analyze them carefully to see where the rules apply alike to the different classes of com-

petitors. For in this field we have to encounter paradox and contradiction, and intangible opposing forces governed by their own laws, which call for special adaptation on our part, and may mean different adaptation for men and women, if equal opportunity is to be achieved.

To ignore these variations, or deny the differences in men and women themselves in some situations, or the difference in the bearing of given situations upon the different status of men and women—to do these things is to halt the progress we have been making toward the liberation of women for their fullest and happiest and most useful self-fulfilment.

Equality, after all, is not a fixed and definite end, but only a means to an end. To devote our energies exclusively to measurement of it, balancing our quantity with men's quantity, rather than to finding and making the most of the quality of it; to insist upon straight-jacketed lines of perfect, mechanical evenness, rather than to the serving of women's own best powers of development—all this is a thankless, stultifying task. Social justice, freedom, and opportunity come with understanding, tolerance and appreciation of difference—and it is social justice, freedom and opportunity that men and women seek.

POLYGLOT

ISABEL MCLENNAN MCMEEKIN

At Thirty-Ninth and Seventh Avenue
Are wholesale clothiers, tassels, fur and lace,
Gesticulating hands cut off the view,
And avidness lights up each swarthy face.
I watch the antics of a near-by group,
The pageantry and forceful interplay
Seem silhouetted in a rhythmic troupe
Brought by some Maestro for his new ballet.

I wedge a passage to the wienie man
Who caters to our universal need;
He frizzles onions in a rusty pan
And counts his nickels with a miser's greed.

. . . . . .

What filthy hands, what beards, what nasal screams,
What eagerness, what labor and what dreams!

A Pearl to Pawn

The Story of the Stranger and the Assistant

Avery Strakosch

It was sundown. In the largest pawnshop of Soochow—the rich pawnshop of Fa Lee, master pawnbroker—Wu Sung, the apprentice, covered counters and tables before closing. He had already laid away the rare veil of pearls with its crown of kingfisher feathers in a scarlet casket. A choice string of jade that smoldered temptingly in the summer sunlight, he had stored in its lacquered box under lock and key. Wu Sung sighed. He was tired after a hot day of many customers. But there was only the incense to light now, so that Fa Lee's nostrils would have a pleasant greeting when he returned later from the Pawnbrokers' Guild.

Wu Sung opened a tin of incense blocks. It was not until he struck a match that he was aware of a figure in soiled linen just inside the door.

"Sundown!" announced Wu Sung wearily. "Shop close."

"Sure," mocked the man, coming forward, "I ain't blind. All canals are locked at sundown. I ain't deaf either. Hear the posterns clicking?" He waved vaguely toward the canal outside. "What of it?" He swaggered to the counter. Wu Sung looked stolidly at the bloated face.

"Morrow do business," he said.

"To-morrow is another day," muttered the customer stubbornly. Then, in quick Pidgin-English, "China boy see pearl, even if canal all lockee?" He drew a small pouch from his pocket.

"Fa Lee 'way," said Wu Sung, trying desperately to get rid of him. "No money in shop."

The pouch was open now, and Wu Sung, against his will, beheld something round and glowing.

"Velly nice, eh? China boy love pearl? Look him over in light, China boy!"

Wu Sung took the little sphere to the window. What a pearl! Large, opalescent, flawless. It burned his palm. He pressed it hastily to his lips, felt its faintly rough surface. Genuine. Fa Lee had no pearl as beautiful as this one.

"Come on," complained the foreigner. "Don't go to sleep! How much?"

"Sell or pawn?" countered Wu Sung.

"Pawn, you fool! I wouldn't sell. No other pearl in China like him!"

"How much?"

"Five thousand taels."

Wu Sung's voice quivered. "Shop close," he said decisively and handed back the pearl.

"Hell, this ain't the only pawnshop in Soochow! Forty-five hun-

dred, then?" He returned the pearl to its nest and went to the door.

"I lend four thousand," Wu Sung offered slowly, his voice small and faint. Surprised, the man wheeled quickly. Sung wrote a receipt, took money from Fa Lee's safe and received the pearl in exchange.

Wu Sung unlocked the shop of Fa Lee early next morning and waited impatiently for him to appear. Four thousand taels! Surely it was worth many times that. Never was there such a pearl! A shrewd bargain, shrewdly made. Wu Sung was more than pleased with himself. His seven years' apprenticeship would soon be over. Then would Fa Lee, who loved him like a son, set him up in a pawnshop of his own!

A few moments later Fa Lee had the pearl in his hand. He dropped it into an ebony saucer, tilted it back and forth, examining it closely. For a long time he said nothing. Wu Sung's heart beat with expectation. He could keep quiet no longer.

"Its size, its luster, Honorable Master, its texture! It is so beautiful! Does it not remind you of the skylark's breast?"

"Yes," replied Fa Lee slowly, "the skylark's breast. But, Wu Sung, it is not a *real* pearl!"

Two nights later the Pawnbrokers' Guild of Soochow ate and drank in Fa Lee's garden. A warm moon looked down upon them at a long ebony table, heavy with feasting dishes. Fa Lee smiled broadly. At last, when the moon began to pale he stood up.

"You are doubtless wondering," he began, "why Fa Lee has asked you here? To celebrate the birth of a son? Alas, no! Only, my brothers, to tell you a story!" Fa Lee told the story of the pearl, related the transaction as though he, not Wu Sung, had been outwitted! The Guild members looked at each other. Never would they have believed unless they heard from his own lips, as now, that Fa Lee had made a bad bargain. Fa Lee fooled by an imitation pearl, undone by a foreigner! Impossible! Yet all this had happened.

Wu Sung listening, wanted to shout denial. Why should Fa Lee's name unjustly be the mock and jest in every tea-house, the laughing-stock of Soochow?

"Come here, tired one," called Fa Lee to Wu Sung. "Let us see the proof of my ignorance."

After each pawnbroker had examined the pearl, Fa Lee took it to the marble goldfish basin in the center of the garden. In the light of flickering candles he balanced it on the edge. Then, taking a stone from the water he hammered the white sphere, until nothing remained but a little mound of dust.

Every tea-house in Soochow soon echoed with the story of Fa Lee and his false pearl.

One afternoon as he and Wu Sung sat drinking tea, behind a screen, the shop door banged noisily. Wu Sung peered through a crack and saw three men. A gigantic Sikh policeman in a red turban and blue trousers stood with the second Mandarin of the district, a fat Chinaman with a coral button on his hat, and a golden pheasant on his breast. Between them was a figure in soiled, wrinkled linen.

"He has come," Sung whispered, frightened. "The man of the pearl!"

Even as he spoke the foreigner stamped upon the floor.

Fa Lee glided quickly from behind the screen.

"You want something?" he asked softly.

The man glared at him, his face swollen with rage.

"Yes," he shouted, "and you haven't got it! You don't know a pearl when you see one, do you? You'll destroy my property, will you? You damned Chink! The restitution law says you have to give me back my property or four times the amount I borrowed on it!"

"You have pawned something here? You have a receipt?" Fa Lee demanded suavely.

"Don't try to bluff me!"

Both the policeman and the Mandarin stepped forward quietly.

"You must produce your receipt," they said. The man waved a piece of paper under Fa Lee's nose.

"Bring the red enameled box, number nine," he called to Wu Sung, who trembled behind the screen. "Four thousand plus one hundred twenty taels interest, please."

The man cursed beneath his breath. Wu Sung came trembling with a red enameled box in his hand. Fa Lee opened the lid. On a fold of silk, nestled a pearl. The foreigner picked it up contemptuously. He grunted. He handed the pearl back to Fa Lee, and started toward the door.

"Where are you going?" The tall Sikh barred the way.

"Oh, it's all O. K. with me, now," explained the foreigner. "I guess it was some other baby's pearl I heard about. I'm satisfied. I'll leave it."

"You cannot!" The Mandarin spoke in thundering tones. "You have tried to bring shame upon the honorable head of Fa Lee! You demanded your property. Here it is! You must pay and take your pearl!"

"I have no money!"

"That is not true. You spoke of the pawnbroking law of restitution. You are too great a rogue to come here without money. How quickly you would have produced money—to show your honorable intentions!—if your pearl had been destroyed. It was a good investment you had in mind! Four thousand taels times four!" He turned to the Sikh. "His wallet," he ordered quietly.

In a moment the Mandarin was calmly counting taels to the amount of four thousand and one hundred twenty extra for interest. These he handed to Fa Lee.

Fa Lee bowed and accepted payment. Again he handed the customer his property. Without ceremony the Sikh pushed the foreigner toward the door. Wu Sung could hear the Mandarin suggest his early departure from Soochow.

"You are young," Fa Lee said, turning to Wu Sung. "Your enthusiasm ran away with you. It was better to let you suffer a little, to let you think you could make a mistake, than for me to run the risk of losing so many taels. It *was* a nice pearl. Do you know, I had a hard time to find an imitation quite like it?" A smile lighted his yellow features, a glint of satisfaction flashed in his narrow eyes. "Quite a nice pearl," Fa Lee repeated. He sighed with relief as he picked up the money. "But not worth four thousand taels—to me!"

The Inescapable Galilean

III—The Great Conjecture

Winifred Kirkland

Any one who regards the resurrection of Jesus as a closed incident has never really believed it. The endless arguments for the validity of the resurrection curiously fail to emphasize those aspects that are perennial, for if the actuality of Jesus as a personal influence was confined to the first century then it is difficult to explain him as a living force to-day. Yet as I gaze at the current scene in this spring of 1929, no dead man or woman out of history seems to me so to permeate the world's affairs at this moment as does Jesus of Galilee. His presence is manifested not only by the interest in him, but also by the opposition to him. Nobody is afraid of a dead man.

Twenty centuries ago a man appeared who announced a new motivating for government and church and industry. If that man were dead none of us would now be feeling our personal idealism outraged by the conduct of Christian statecraft and Christian ecclesiasticism and Christian commerce. Our shame is because each one of us feels Jesus, a towering invisible figure standing there, gazing at all our varied denial of him. Perhaps he is asking whether or not he is to be crucified again. Every age has had its own methods of annulling Christ, our own method is to postpone him; yet after every death dealt to him, he has risen again in a renewed clarity. For twenty centuries the idealism uttered in Galilee has been implanted in the minds of men, fading sometimes but always presently emerging in a new power as inevitable as the coming of spring. The rejection of Jesus to-day shows the same elements that have always been present at his crucifixion, but in his resurrection among us there is perhaps a new and shining hope. Materialism has always been afraid of Jesus. To permit life to Jesus was for Pilate, to imperil the preservation of government; for Caiaphas it was to imperil the preservation of the church; for the mob it was to imperil the preservation of the nation. One glance at any morning's paper shows that in two thousand years these conceptions have not fundamentally changed. People are still afraid of Jesus because he denies the survival power of force and affirms the survival power of spirit. The new hope in Jesus's resurrection to-day is that there are at last some who perceive that Jesus's theory of safety may be more promising than the proved failure of the opposite theory. In the light of a world war as a fact not a dozen years in the past, sheer intelligence

is now examining the theories of Jesus as perhaps the best security for the future.

It is an encouraging sign of our times that drowsy Christians are being stirred by danger. Alinements for or against Christian action for Christ's sake are becoming unavoidable. Once upon a time certain people who believed in the resurrection remade history. Others with the same belief may again remake it, but not, I fear, until the Christians of to-day have remade their own conviction of a risen Jesus, and become as strong and as brave as were Peter and John and Paul.

It is high time we Christians first perceived for ourselves and then shouted to the world the truth that our faith rests not on any antiquarian basis, but on a living and contemporary reality. I who write these words am merely one Christian humbly trying to clarify for myself my own creed, accepting no article of it as believable until I have first proved it livable. The day has perhaps arrived when every one of us who has gone out alone to a garden hushed with dawn, and there seen a Gardener who called us by our own individual name, should cry that glad news in these modern streets, dark and sodden with sleep like the black streets of Jerusalem. So, here and now in these pages, I ask myself, "Why do I believe in the resurrection of Jesus?" And I answer, because of its effect in the past, its influence on the present, and its promise for the future.

An astounding effect implies an astounding cause. I gaze back through the long telescope of time, and focus on that storm-swept hill of Calvary. I see a felon hanging on his scaffold, dead. Had the man no friends? I look to right and left, but I can find not one. They have all run far away, hiding down the rabbit-warren alleys of a malodorous Oriental city. There he hangs beneath the glowering sky, alone. In all Jerusalem, in all Palestine, there is not one voice to speak in his defense; yet, as every one knows, this man's only crime was that he taught and healed as being God's son, and, indeed, went even further than this in declaring that any man could become a son of God provided he obeyed the same laws of self-creation that he himself had employed. For such mad faith in man, Jesus was executed, in the name of law and order and religion. What would be his fate if he should return in the flesh to-day? Has his ever-recurrent presence through all these centuries even yet so permeated society that Jesus of Galilee would be safe among us if once again on earth he should fearlessly teach and practise the divinity of man?

But had the outcast hanging there upon his cross no friends? Oh, many, many who followed him up and down loudly protesting their affection, followed him just to the point where following him became dangerous—then they ran away. They were at best an impulsive, weak-kneed lot, the most unpromising material any reformer ever selected to promulgate his teaching. They were so thick-witted that they puzzled over his clearest words, knotted in corners whispering until he patiently explained. They were sordid, counting the money cost of the rich gifts he asked them to give. One of

them was a thief. They were place-seekers, needing his pained rebuke. They were unstable and easily depressed. They even tried to dissuade him from his steadfast purpose. No wonder that they fled to hiding when he died.

To some, I wonder, do my words sound blasphemous, for I am writing of John the beautiful, Peter the splendid, James the dauntless. I am writing of the most glorious, the most intrepid missionaries any cause has ever had. Yes, but the disciples of Jesus were only a cowardly, affectionate, shapeless lot until something happened. Is it only another ghost story added to the world's collection, the resurrection of Jesus? Perhaps, but what ghost ever had the unvarying effect of producing moral grandeur in the people who thought they saw him? When did a ghost drive men in an hour from cringing terror to flaming, ringing courage? An astounding effect implies an astounding cause. It was something more robust than an apparition that drove cringing men to go shouting a message to audiences as derisive as ourselves, a message punished with stripes and crosses and red-jowled beasts, yet persisting, indomitable on and on down the echoing centuries until the pagan world was conquered by a handful of Jewish fishermen, and a great church raised its pinnacles to heaven to enshrine that message flung to the wind on the first Pentecost—"A dead man has become alive!"

We cannot too deeply ponder the circumstance that the first event of Jesus's life to be presented to the pagan world was of all the events that might have been selected, the one most dangerous to offer, and the one most difficult to accept. If the disciples had not believed in the resurrection, the story of Jesus would have died with him. His friends would have been afraid to tell of his earth-life if they had not believed in his unearthly return. The Greeks and Romans were as skeptical of the restoration of the dead as we are. And the listeners had the power of life and death over those first heralds of Christ. It may be that the most incredible tenet of all the Christian creed was the first one preached to pagan audiences, because it demanded the uttermost courage in its missionaries and the uttermost faith in its converts. To make the resurrection the earliest basis of the Christian faith was to place the validity of Jesus on a securer corner-stone than any documented words. Not their words but the men who spoke them were the argument for the resurrection. That subtle, skeptic, pagan world saw before their very eyes men risen from deadening fear to a transcendent courage. Now as then, the evidence for the resurrection is its effect on the people who believe it. Just in so far as Christians fail to become alive, the strongest argument for the resurrection of Jesus remains unexpressed.

What was it about this Jesus of the Return that convinced his friends of his reality? Any reader must be refreshed by the tender naturalness of the manner of Jesus's resurrection appearances. He does not frighten. He steps into people's daily life as simply and inevitably as the golden spear of a daffodil reappears in the spring from within the dooryard soil.

He does not alarm or astound. He comforts, he inspires, as always he has done. The incredible thing about the resurrection narratives is their credibility. Precisely thus, without a hairbreadth variation in personality, might Jesus have come back. But human artistry, human invention, could not have attained this perfection of detailed harmony between the Jesus of the flesh and the Jesus of the spirit. If human imagination had manufactured the resurrection, that imagination would have committed some grossness of sheer display, would not have been humble enough to make Jesus a mere gardener, a fisherman, a chance acquaintance on an afternoon's walk. To some of us who try to see him, it seems that only divinity could have conceived the utter humanity that characterizes the manner of Jesus's return from the tomb.

It was the humanity of the risen Jesus that convinced his first disciples. He came in no flaming splendor such as was familiar to them in the apocalyptic literature of their day. What raised them to an unbelievable dignity was that once again he walked beside them, the same everyday friend, in the same old way urging them to courage. Human fancy could not have achieved the transcendent blend of human with divine that shines through the homely incident of a fishermen's breakfast. An all-night vigil and no reward. Tired men and hungry, men who after three years of marvelous companionship have returned to their old humdrum calling. It is dawn, cold and doubtful with mist. But there is some one on the beach, up earlier than they. Clear and cheery as ever rings a voice over the water, voice of God speaking in human accents to his friends in the early dawn, "Ho, boys, what luck?" Then the inspiriting: "Try again. The net on the other side this time."

A driftwood fire made ready for them by hands accustomed to humble usages. Fish crisping and pungent. Food and warmth and friendly chat and the old gay-heart assurance that always came in his presence. No blaze of glory, only the homely radiance of human fellowship. And that was why they knew it was the Friend himself. And that was why Peter could go forth remade, unchanging as stone even until the death on that morning foretold. Peter the unstable recreated into rock. John, vengeful as a thunderbolt, recreated into love. Always the strongest argument for Jesus's resurrection has been its power so to recreate men that the shining of their courage becomes the testimony that a risen Jesus moves beside them.

The possibilities of the present influence of Jesus's resurrection are not to be reckoned. People are turning impatiently from the Jesus of dogma, to the Jesus of history. It is even true that in this swift and fluid hour, a fresh and eager public is demanding less a Jesus of history than a Jesus of experience. Reveal to us a Jesus we can live, is a cry growing constantly more articulate. There are avid readers for any account that rings true of any present-day Christian's actual experience and opinion of this ever unknown Jesus. The honest, pragmatic, individual approach to Jesus characterizes his resurrection of to-day. At last we are becoming aware that Jesus can-

not be known by looking at him, he can only be known by living him. To apply this truth to the resurrection is to release at last its long-buried power to energize.

Nothing has so long retarded the living influence of Jesus's return from death as the deadening methods used to establish it. It is the motive not the miracle of the resurrection that is the life-giving characteristic. The mere miracle is beyond our power either to examine or to imitate, but the motive can be instantly incorporated into our conduct; and thus incorporated, it will not only enfranchise us from fear, but also reveal the deathless reality of the Galilean. Many tomes have been written, endless sermons have been spoken, in discussion of what kind of lips, what kind of hands Jesus, after death, possessed. This manner of looking at the risen Christ is moribund, medieval, evasive. So long as we examine the *how* of his return from the grave, we shall never expect to apply in our own lives the *why* of that return. Not what kind of lips, what kind of hands, but what did those lips say, what did those hands do, is the essential question. What a rekindling of resurrection faith may come to us to-day if we shall cease to scrutinize the miracle, but make adventure of the motive! There is no way to know Jesus except to live him. When we ourselves have bravely lifted our foreheads to the glory of God's new morning, so that we ourselves can confidently say to the grief-stricken, "Weep not," we shall know that a risen Jesus is speaking with living lips into our ear. When we ourselves have stretched toward our agnostic friends our own hands in uttermost sympathy, then we shall know beyond peradventure of doubt that Jesus, returned from death, stretched hands of love to Thomas's probing finger. The great hope for the resurrection of to-day lies in the fact that we are no longer peering at age-old treatises to prove that Jesus rose from the dead. We recipients of a flaming torch handed down from witness to witness through the centuries, are perceiving that the living argument for the risen Christ, is the living Christian.

The shining expectation for the Christian of to-day lies in the fact that in the gospel narrative we have first watched a man live his whole life through, unswerving from his transcendent surmise, and then have watched him come back from death utterly unscathed in character. This perception comprises the force within us of the resurrection, this is the undying element that we would prove by embodying it in our daily philosophy. In this reëxamining and repenetrating the core of sacred chronicle and sacred tradition, the essential resurrection truth is becoming a power for to-day and a promise for to-morrow. Present and future merge swiftly in these times. No one can predict what the effect may be of the present widespread renaissance of Christian faith, but it would be perilous to deny that this mounting tide of feeling exists. It has always proved dangerous to neglect the torrential force of idealism. Statistics do not reveal spiritual upheavals. There is a strange sense of expectation all over the earth to-day, like the hush before a dawn, palpitant with unseen, unguessed energies.

Does the new interest in Jesus portend nothing? Everywhere people are asking to see him, most unlikely people, some of them. Many of these stand outside of all denominational entrances, potential worshipers whenever the church shall recognize them. These seekers demand braver action of all churches. How youth might flock to religious leadership that offered them daring and austerity, an invitation to hardship such as Jesus offered by the lakeside of Galilee! The church of to-day does not dream what support it would have both from within and without if it would only stand forth with a ringing call to Christian action in the name of a newly risen God. Many as are the puzzled seekers after Jesus who hesitate to enter church doors lest they miss him there; still the holiest hope of to-day is the fact that—scattered and lonely, yet intrepid—the bravest, clearest voices demanding a new Christianity clean of compromise, come from within the church. The church has always been the human channel for a divine inflow, and always this human element has reckoned preservation and survival in terms of the old rather than of the ever new, in terms of safe doctrine rather than of adventurous living. But there are signs that the church of to-day is being quickened with fresh vision. Within its ranks men are seeing Jesus once again, and once again are becoming bold to live as if at his side. The splendid realism of to-day's attitude toward all things is showing the church that its function is to be not a casket but a conduit for the living God. Long, long ago Jesus stood ready to pour all his creative conservatism into the decaying Jewish church. It was Caiaphas who prevented this. But we have traveled twenty centuries since then. Need it happen again that Jesus be swept from the temple out toward Golgotha?

Never did the Christian church and the individual Christian have such an opportunity as in this hour. Materialism is no longer a novelty. It has endured long enough for its results both to public life and private to have become alarming. Here and there everywhere bewildered souls are asking for the God of ancient faith. Materialism cannot so reshape the souls of men that they can long endure without mysticism. The conception of the friendship of God, two thousand years engrafted, is not easily torn from us, or safely. Where is the God-man, whom we have so feebly followed, yet cannot do without? Amid all the noise and confusion and declared cruelty, there are voices not to be denied, and they are crying, "Give us back Jesus." It is the church's supreme opportunity; for after all, with all its human limitations, there is no other to restore to groping humanity its divine and shining dream.

When we look at the seething chaos of impulses and movements before us, we Christians must feel that only a risen God beside us could make our puny band of idealists rise for a conjectured progress. It is not Christians only who perceive civilization to-day at a forking of the roads; but Christians perceive also something else. Not visionary but clear-eyed, the Christian sees standing there in the parting of the ways a

towering and inscrutable figure who demands, "No step further, until you answer, 'Who am I?'" We who have humbly tried to answer that question for ourselves dare not choose the way leading back to the jungle, that road of fear.

Science to-day has reached a strange spot in its path, and this is acknowledged by those sufficiently reverent before the unknown to be worthy the name of scientist. The more science has analyzed the miracles of the universe the less does their intricacy appear accidental. The noblest priests of science are now standing before a veiled altar, saying, "Behind this curtain of mystery there is Something beyond our examining." For many a year science has offered religion its example of intrepid method. The day has come for religion to offer to science religion's gift in return, saying, "Behind this curtain of mystery there is Some One who may be forever adventured."

Science is able not only to explore the wonders of the universe, it is able also to achieve wonders of its own. The supreme irony, however, is that while science can perform miracles, it cannot motivate them. It is utterly helpless to supply incentive to the mass of men. It points the way to health and freedom and beauty, but cannot persuade humanity to take the road to its own perfection. Instead, humanity appropriates all the genius of science, but in an atavistic funk of fear, employs it for self-destruction. The mentality of the laboratory united with the impulses of the jungle is a combination before which science itself stands aghast.

Surely if the road out of the jungle has been the road toward life, then the return is the road to suicide. Yet the world of to-day is frankly motived on the thought-processes of a bushman. The words of a peace pact are cynically contradicted by the repudiation of its spirit. The world would seem to be avowedly organized on a foundation of death-struggle. We are so familiar with certain expressions that we do not realize their connotation for human retrogression. Class war, race war, national war, trade war, we have become deaf to their meaning, and blind to their effect, for every one of these methods of warfare is even now destroying the bodies and souls of men, injuring helpless non-combatants and preventing the fearless march of civilization. The law of the jungle is the law of retardation, the law of fear, and thus every man who is afraid of his fellow-man has chosen to go through life crippled. In expecting injury from another he exhibits his own impulses. In denying divinity within his neighbor he denies it within himself.

Against all the chaos around us, the Christian has nothing to offer except his great conjecture. But the materialist also has nothing to offer but his conjecture, and for some of us his conjecture demands a far greater effort of credulity than does the Christian's faith. To look at the triumphant climb of humanity up from the primal ooze on to the sublimity of a Jesus, and not to see back of this steadfast march any directing mentality, any pitying benevolence, is frankly beyond my power. By no uttermost effort of reasoning can

I believe that Jesus of Galilee is merely a super-sublimated ape. Accounting for the existence of evil is easy, as compared with accounting for the existence of good, and it is beyond human guesswork really to explain either one. But surely our beast-origin would entail beast-impulses not quickly to be mastered in a few brief æons. What an insult to our capacities if humanity had been given to the universe full grown! Creation is an incident not of time, but of eternity.

When I use the word creation I mean a slow evolutional process, to which God gave the initial impulse, whose direction he governs, and whose ultimate outcome he alone knows. In regard to the general trend and process of evolution we are permitted just enough insight to enable us to assist and accelerate this process if we so desire. It is possible for us to retard the advance of God's purposeful creation, but not to stop it. That insight which enables us to guess the general tendency of evolution shows the amœba at one end of the scale and Jesus of Nazareth at the other. The space between the two is an ascending line of differentiation culminating in the myriad cellular intricacies of the human body, and the far more astounding miracles of human personality. To a frank common-sense view the steadfast trend of evolution appears to be always up from the undifferentiated toward the individual, up from the physical toward the spiritual. Perhaps evolution might be defined as matter in process of submitting to spirit.

Creation is a process as yet only begun, but when God injected Jesus of Nazareth into human history it was the creator's announcement to the race that he considered his creatures now fit to share in their own creation. It is my belief that ineffable God entered into the personality of Jesus, not in any so-called supernatural manner, but rather in fearless submission to every human handicap. Bravely he risked all impediment of heredity, of family, and circumstance, of slow physical and mental and spiritual development, of misapprehension, of contumely, of failure, and of death, and after death submitted to a most precarious manner of transmission.

Just as Jesus preserved through all his suffering a character unblemished by human experience, so he gave to the history of human thought a theory of conduct which, honestly tested, holds a triumphant clue to mastery of circumstance. It is my faith that the philosophy of Jesus is the only way in which a nation or an individual can ever attain its destined grandeur. By the philosophy of Jesus I mean that delicate spiritual balance by which seeing God instantly and inevitably becomes action for God, and by which action for God instantly and inevitably becomes the means for seeing God. Christ is the only Christian in whom it is impossible ever to separate vision from action. Jesus is the only man in whom contemplation and conduct have been perfectly fused. The reason that the philosophy of Jesus is still only a hesitant and abortive influence upon civilization is that both Christians and non-Christians have failed to recognize his ever-reiterated precept and his ever-re-

peated personal practice. Action before conviction, action as the only means to conviction, is the law of human creation revealed by Jesus. The Philip within us demands, "Show us the Father, first that we may indulge in the agreeable ecstasy of gazing at Him, and second that we may have absolute certainty of his help in any risk we may condescend to take for Him." But Jesus held that the sole way to be sure we possess a divine Father is first to practise our brotherhood with all humanity, unremitting in our kindness toward our own family, our own community, our own nation, other nations. One break in the austerity of this practice and automatically the fatherhood of God becomes a hollow phrase and the reality of God becomes a mocking flicker.

We are criminally slow in accepting for Christian application the harsh, inviolable sequence of all scientific achievement—hypothesis, experiment, proof. Hypothesis first, experiment second, proof third. If this is the law of all human advance, why should we suppose that God would abrogate this law in its most important application? Why should Christian experience be exempt from God's convinced creative method? Equally in the realm of science and in the realm of religion, God, the supreme Adventurer, always challenges man to adventure his faith. So long as we regard Christianity as an easy thing, a mere rapture of contemplation, or so long as we indulge ourselves in the intellectual child's play of splitting dogmas, or so long as we allow ritual to degenerate from incentive to opiate, we are permitting ourselves to revert to those moribund types of religion Jesus of Nazareth comes to annul. Jesus of Nazareth calls from sloth to daring, calls from sleep to action, from death to life. Faith to be verified only through experiment, gleaming hypothesis to be ratified only through sacrificial testing of its truth by our own conduct, this is the Creator's challenge to his creatures to help create themselves.

While I conceive God as having other attributes than fatherhood, I believe that fatherhood is the most creative aspect under which we can view him, and that it was with creative intention that in the character of Jesus he concentrated our thoughts on this aspect. I believe that two thousand years ago, the Creator appeared among us in human shape with the divine motive of giving us an example on which to pattern our growth. Jesus is himself the supreme example of hypothesis subjected to the risk of experiment. Believing himself the son of God, he put his sonship to the test by living in accordance with this heredity. Did he or did he not establish the proof? Believing himself superior to death, he put this conviction to the test by living his brief mortal years with the large gesture of immortality. Does, or does not, his subsequent history establish the proof? To those two questions the reply is yes, for those who dare to practise their own kinship with a Father conjectured as divine, and their own friendship with a Jesus conjectured as deathless.

Who is Jesus? The answer is the boldest hypothesis human imagination has ever conceived. It is time perhaps for each Christian to declare

the resurrection faith within us. There is something stranger than fiction in the persistence of Jesus, something no materialism can explain in the sober fact that the conviction a man long ago dead is shining at one in the light of one's commonplace window, is the most energizing influence to be felt in life. If that Presence, so robust and vitalizing, were a lie, why should its influence not be enervating like any other form of hallucination? And yet, as every one of his adventurers knows, this Presence beside us is relentless. Of mere contemplation Jesus is ironically scornful. His face grows dimmer if we disobey by so much as a thought the clear commands in his eyes. But very patient he is with us, too, often reassuringly humorous in his tenderness, for he knows we must make mistakes, conditioned as we are to apprehend his guidance only through the mechanism of a blind human brain, and the clogged response of fumbling nerves. There is one thing only for which he sternly holds us responsible, and that is adventure—ever on though we stumble and faint and question. All he demands is that, despite our human clumsiness, we preserve our faith in the creative power of his presence to make us our bravest selves.

Thus stands to-day my appraisement of Jesus as far as I can make it articulate for myself. Who knows what ramifications these still incomplete conclusions may take, what glimpsing vistas they may flash upon the commonplace! One's knowledge of a friend is never finished, the revelation of a living man is never completed. Jesus will never be completed. The deepest conviction of my faith is that the life of Jesus upon earth is hardly as yet begun, for I believe Jesus the son of God not because of his manner of entering the world, but because of his manner of remaining in it.

(The End)

On Being Bored

With Relation to the Subjunctive Mood

Lee S. Gunter

Lately I have had an entirely new experience. Every day, and several times a day, I have been bored. Hitherto, I had supposed, in all good faith, that no subject, if intelligently and enthusiastically presented, could fail to interest me. I had supposed, further, that boredom was a negative sort of thing —merely the absence of interest or pleasurable excitement. I find that I was in error in both suppositions. There are subjects which, as far as I am concerned, are inherently uninteresting; and boredom is as positive a sensation as toothache.

Recently I became acquainted with a strikingly attractive young woman. She is now in her late twenties, I judge; dark and quick and birdlike; touchingly friendly, and altogether charming, if—! If it were not for the hobby which she never for one moment abandons. Her sole interest in life, as far as one may discover, is—the Subjunctive Mood. Out of all the subjects under heaven, in a marvelous and dangerous world!

It is not feasible, and life is too limited, for the individual to take all the divisions of knowledge as his province; and in the great shuffle, English grammar was one of the things that I missed outright. As a very small child, my father, then nearing seventy, taught me Greek, while my mother, well over fifty, compelled me to put my numerous questions to her in Latin. But no one mentioned English syntax. And when, finally, I did get around to going to school, I was so nearly grown up my examiners must have taken it for granted that the more elementary branches of study had been completed.

From time to time, throughout my life, I have heard a good deal of grammatical hair-splitting; but such discussions were always purely academic, and the only impression I carried away from them was that there are people in the world who like to hypnotize themselves into bewilderment over perfectly simple arrangements of words.

As an example, and illustrating my abysmal ignorance on the subject, a few days ago I heard two able grammarians agree (and such agreement in itself was a sort of miracle) that the sentence, "All of the persons who were gambling were arrested," had no meaning whatsoever. I was not involved in the discussion, and I offered no comment, but I set these two people down in my mind as a little mad. The meaning of this unpunctuated arrangement of words seemed to me unmistakable; namely,

that of a given number of persons, some were gambling and some were not gambling, and that those who were gambling were arrested.

And it is with just such sterile technicalities, always relating to the Subjunctive Mood, that this otherwise delightful girl concerns herself. She telephones me before I am awake in the morning, waylays me at lunch, interrupts my work and utterly wastes my time and her own. Her brilliant eyes sparkle, and her thin cheeks flush with the joy of the chase as she runs down and captures some elusive participle or refractory pronoun. Her research is indefatigable, and her energy exhaustless.

All her old friends have learned to take cover at sight of her, as though she were a sand-storm on the desert. And I—having at last discovered to the full the toxic powers of boredom, and experienced its ossifragous agony—I, alone, am left to endure her sorceries.

SIMON THE PHARISEE

WILLIAM E. BROOKS

"I saw her but the harlot when she came
Slipping out of the night to where he lay,
To break above his feet the precious nard
And wipe them with the glory of her hair.
I saw her hair, her eyes, her luring form,
Possessed of many men, and oft desired
By me in my mad lusting hours, those hours
I kept well hidden from the eyes of men.
It was my fear that armored me with scorn
So that I spoke with bitterness to him,
My fear of my desire, of all that past
That reached to her and called her from my eyes.

"He had no past that called her as did mine,
And so he had no fear. And so he saw
Naught in her but the longing of her eyes;
No harlot, but a weary child of God,
Come back to find her future at His feet."

I've Been Reading

Elizabeth and Essex, Herman Melville, The Re-Discovery of America, The Nature of the Physical World, Anthology of World Poetry, Treasury of English Aphorisms, Essays of Montaigne and a volume of recently discovered Boswell manuscripts

Henry Hazlitt

To pick up a book and settle down comfortably to its pages may seem the most innocent act of man, yet it involves a responsibility almost too terrible to bear thinking about. I refer to the responsibility of choice. Last year there were published in the United States alone 7614 new volumes (I take the figures from the "Publisher's Weekly"), not including 1562 new editions and 1178 pamphlets. If one were to attempt to keep completely abreast merely of the current literature published in one's own country, one would have to read 146 new books a week, or twenty-one a day. If one were to throw out every volume that could possibly be called "technical," including every book on science, philosophy, religion, music, the fine arts, and were to confine one's self solely to general literature, poetry, the drama, history, biography and fiction, the task would still be staggering. There would be more than three thousand volumes to get through, or about sixty a week. And if, heaven forbid, one confined the diet strictly to the year's new fiction, there would still be twenty-two books a week to read.

I have omitted, mercifully, the nine thousand new volumes published last year in Great Britain, the eleven thousand in France, the thirty thousand in Germany. What is vastly more important, I have passed over the millions of books already in existence. A glance at the list of titles in Everyman's Library or a similar series of popular reprints is enough to remind us that even the "classics" run into thousands.

Now even if we confine ourselves to books published during the current year, and are able to read as many as one a week (a high average for most of us) we are reading that one at the expense of about a hundred and fifty others. If, displaying a modicum of common sense, we do not confine our reading to volumes of the current year, we are reading each book at the expense of at least several thousand others.

As I say, the responsibility does not bear thinking about. The prob-

lem of choice simply cannot be taken too seriously. But if we feel, with Aldous Huxley, that "life is short, and time flows stanchlessly, like blood from a mortal wound," we may at least make an effort to confine ourselves to volumes likely to have a permanent value, to those that tell us most about life or yield the most intense delight.

When we consider the volumes of 1928 with this standard in mind, among the first we turn to, almost inevitably, is "Elizabeth and Essex." It is not, perhaps, a definitive picture either of Elizabeth or of Essex: it may be true, as some critics have charged, that Lytton Strachey, for the sake of a preconceived effect, has sometimes distorted his perspective, or made an inference not altogether justified by the facts; but I think his offenses in this direction have been slight. As his imitators have too often forgotten, Mr. Strachey is an indefatigable scholar, but even if "Elizabeth and Essex" were wholly false as biography or history, it would still stand as an imaginative work of the first rank, as a tragedy superbly told. Never before has Elizabeth been so brilliantly brought to life.

Not least of all, here is a work by one of the finest prose writers of our time. I choose a paragraph almost at random; certainly it could be matched by a score of others in the book:

"King Philip sat working in the Escurial—the gigantic palace that he had built for himself, all of stone, far away, high up, amid the desolation of the rocky Guadarrama. He worked incessantly, as no monarch had ever worked before, controlling from his desk a vast empire—Spain and Portugal, half Italy, the Netherlands, the Western Indies. He had grown old and white-haired in his labors, but he worked on. Diseases had attacked him; he was tortured by the gout; his skin was cankered, he was the prey of a mysterious and terrible paralysis; but his hand moved over the paper from morning till night. He never emerged now. He had withdrawn into this inner room of his palace—a small room, hung with dark green tapestries—and there he reigned, secret, silent, indefatigable, dying."

Suppose it should turn out that this picture did not precisely accord with all the actual facts—that the tapestries were not dark green, but purple, or that they did not exist, or even that King Philip himself had been but a legend and a shadow? Do you really think it would matter?

The best biography I have encountered during the present year—indeed, perhaps the best biography ever written about an American man of letters—is Lewis Mumford's "Herman Melville." The career of Melville has seemed hitherto one of the great enigmas of our literary history. Here was a man who wrote his first book at twenty-five; who followed it rapidly by five others, completing the last and by far the greatest of them, "Moby-Dick," at thirty-two—and then lapsed into relative silence for the remaining forty years of his life. What brought about so strange and abrupt a quietus?

Mr. Mumford presents the reasons as clearly and convincingly as they are ever likely to be presented. The

real mystery is not Melville's silence, but the appallingly stupid criticism with which "Moby-Dick" was received. For here, on one level, was the best handbook on whaling in existence; here, on a higher level, was the greatest tale of the sea that had ever been written; here, on a still higher level, was a parable on the mystery of evil and the accidental malice of the universe, "one of the first great mythologies to be created in the modern world," "the best tragic epic of modern times and one of the fine poetic works of all time." And how was this monumental work saluted? The "Literary World," in charge of Melville's friend Duyckinck, called it "an intellectual chowder of romance, philosophy, natural history, fine writing, good feeling, bad sayings"; the "Dublin University Magazine" found it eccentric and monstrously extravagant; the "Athenæum" spoke of "horrors," "heroics," "trash"; the "New Monthly Magazine" described the style as "maniacal . . . gibbering, screaming."

And Melville knew, even as he wrote it, that "Moby-Dick" was and would remain his masterpiece; that it represented the full expression of his genius; that he could never exceed it. He immediately composed "Pierre," a tale on the incest theme, preposterous in many of its details; but what is important is that he put into his novelist-hero's mind his own bitter reflections. *Pierre* learns that "though the world worship mediocrity and commonplace, yet hath it fire and sword for contemporary grandeur"; that "the wiser and profounder he should grow, the more and more he lessened his chances for bread. . . . The devouring profundities now opened upon him; . . . would he, he could not now be entertainingly and profitably shallow in some pellucid and merry romance. . . . The brightest success now seemed intolerable. . . . Beforehand he felt the unrevealing sting of receiving either plaudits or censures, equally loathed ere given."

Melville's long years of silence become clear: if the world did not care to hear him, he did not care to speak. But this silence, as Mr. Mumford shows, was not merely the result of personal despair: as his insights deepened, as he glimpsed the unfathomable mysteries of the universe, literature itself seemed hollow, silence the highest utterance. It is true, as Mr. Mumford points out, that the silence was never as complete as it has commonly been pictured. Yet the handful of volumes that came in the last forty years of Melville's life were separated sometimes by a decade; and they were of comparatively negligible importance. Melville was forced to become an inspector in the Custom House, one of the lowest offices open to patronage.

It is not merely that Melville's books were ignored, derided or completely "muffed" by the routine reviewers. What is more appalling, of all the leading writers of the day—Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Holmes, even Hawthorne, whom Melville knew and whose outlook was most nearly akin to his own—there is no evidence that one of them regarded Melville as an equal. Though Mr. Mumford is perhaps inclined to minimize unduly the defects in Melville's work which tended to prevent recognition of its essential

greatness, one is compelled to accept his conclusion that Melville was neglected chiefly because his vision of life was so much more profound than that of his times: "He brought back into the petty triumphs of the age the one element that it completely lacked: the tragic sense of life: the sense that the highest human flight is sustained over an unconquered and perhaps an unconquerable abyss."

Waldo Frank's "The Re-Discovery of America" is for more than one reason a difficult book to assess. It bears the subtitle: "An Introduction to a Philosophy of American Life," and Mr. Frank has taken everything in deadly earnest. Even he confesses that he has written "a book without charm, a book almost fleshless and with no smiles or pleasant moods at all." One hesitates to dismiss it completely. There is an appendix on "American Cultural Criticism Since 1909" which is readable and illuminating. There is an occasional splintering of poetry: "The mountains of France rise from the still waters like the frozen prayers of men who have died." There are some scattered observations that are genuinely acute, and possibly true. But these things are like those flashes of blue sky that one sometimes catches going through a long railway tunnel, and I do not think they compensate for the fatigue and annoyance of the journey. For not only is this book as a whole hopelessly muddled and obscure; it is absurdly pretentious. I pass over the minor affectations—the constant use of "ere" for before, "naught" for nothing, "deem" for think, "folk" for people, the resurrection of obsolete and pedantic words, and come to the philosophico-mystical jargon in which whole chapters are written. For example:

"To grow aware of my body in a few of its intricate, wondrous behaviors is very soon to learn *that only from the standpoint of the false absolute 'I' is it an automaton: it is not an automaton at all, since it is never alone, being an exquisite focus of a Whole all of whose currents move through and inform it.* A loom threads impalpable vibrancies within the body, making it at each instant the beginning of a series of its own and a detail in innumerable series. This loom, I learn, is Life and it is not external for it lives within me."

All this sounds suspiciously like the literary style of the writers on New Thought, theosophy and palmistry. And I do not find Mr. Frank's specific opinions any more reassuring. He may think it very startling to say that T. S. Eliot and Irving Berlin are on the same esthetic and cultural level, but personally I do not think the spiritual kinship between these two is half so striking as that, say, between Sherwood Anderson and Texas Guinan.

As for the main thesis of Mr. Frank's book, I am sorry to report that I do not know what it is. He seems to regard "Wholeness" as the magic password that will save us from cultural ruin, but he nowhere gives any intelligible definition of it.

The only resemblance that A. S. Eddington's "The Nature of the Physical World," bears to Mr. Frank's book is that it, too, is in a way difficult reading. But it is difficult not because the style is pretentious or

foggy, but because the conceptions Professor Eddington introduces are so revolutionary, and because in every paragraph he has so much to say. This book will do more to undermine your certainties, to blow up your axioms, to reorient your entire outlook on the external world, than any other volume of our time. There is nowhere else so brilliant an exposition of the new discoveries and theories about the atom, the nature of space, of time, of matter, of energy, or of the nature and limits of science itself. "Scientific investigation," writes Professor Eddington, "does not lead to knowledge of the intrinsic nature of things." The entities of physics are symbolic merely, and the scheme of physics only "a partial aspect of something wider." He compares the physicist to an accountant who keeps the books of a college, but realizes the intellectual and other activities of the college only as they present themselves in the bills. The accountant's knowledge is very thorough of its kind, but it is a very limited kind.

As a result of the great recent discoveries in relativity and quantum theory, scientists to-day find themselves staring at a new Pacific. The old narrow materialism, the old cocksure determinism, are gone; in their place is a sense of wider horizons, of unplumbed mysteries, of infinite possibilities. We stand to-day in the midst of a scientific renaissance, a Golden Age of the exploring mind. There is in the writings of our scientists a buoyant hopefulness, a secure sense of the importance of what they are doing, a confidence, a gusto and zest, in striking contrast to the weariness, the poverty of themes, the sense of futility or the uneasy exhibitionism of most of our men of letters.

Even as writers of prose the scientists compare to-day favorably with professional literati. Professor Eddington writes with unfailing vivacity and humor, with superb lucidity and terseness. Bertrand Russell and J. B. S. Haldane have an equal clarity and charm. The books of these three men are not only science, but literature; hard-headed, yet finely imaginative.

If a professional reviewer is compelled to confine himself to books as they come out, it must not be forgotten that there are reprints, anthologies and discoveries. Foremost among the last are the Boswell manuscripts, hidden from the world for more than a century, and now being published, in a limited edition, for the first time. They constitute a literary find of the first order, overflowing with precious material. They reveal Boswell, if his biography of Johnson had not already done so, as the greatest reporter of his day. They contain priceless interviews with Rousseau, Voltaire, Hume. Above all, they include diaries and journals that give a self-portrait rivaled for candor and fascination only by Pepys, and never surpassed.

Two recent anthologies stand out. One is Mark Van Doren's "Anthology of World Poetry," distinguished not only for its amazing inclusiveness, but for the scrupulousness with which the second-rate has been excluded; the other is Logan Pearsall Smith's "Treasury of English Aphorisms." The latter, I believe, is the first anthology of its kind. It is a

collection of all the most pungent and acute general observations made by English and American writers and speakers, from Bacon and Dr. Johnson to Santayana and Shaw. These sayings hold the concentrated and crystallized wisdom of the race; almost every one of them is a cut and polished jewel. Let the eye fall on the page at random, it is almost sure to fall on something illuminating and memorable. I could wish that Mr. Smith had more completely represented Francis Bacon, that he had not entirely overlooked one or two notable aphorists, such as Thoreau and Thomas Huxley, and that he had included sayings from some living writers now omitted—Bertrand Russell, Aldous Huxley, Charles Horton Cooley. But if Mr. Smith has left out much that is good, he has seldom included anything that is shoddy.

It would be absurd, of course, to read such a volume at a few sittings, as one would a novel. It is to be picked up and sipped from time to time as one would sip a cordial, allowing at least a few moments for each aphorism to find its way, by a sort of capillary attraction, to all the corners of the mind. It is in this easy-going fashion that I have lately been reading Montaigne. My immediate stimulus has been the recent publication by the Oxford University Press, in two compact and admirably printed volumes, of a new translation by E. J. Trechmann. Until the present time, there had been no translation of Montaigne since that by Charles Cotton in 1685. E. P. Dutton & Co., also, have now reprinted the original Florio translation (1603).

So the reader has his choice. My own, frankly, is the modern version. As Florio was practically a contemporary of Montaigne's, there are undoubtedly many who feel that his translation brings them nearer to the father of the essay than can any modern translation. The late Stuart Sherman, I believe, made precisely this contention. Yet while one would not wish to speak in derogation of the fine flavor of Florio's Elizabethan prose, I feel that Trechmann's twentieth-century diction brings Montaigne much closer to the modern reader. If we regard Montaigne as "quaint," then we may like to read him in a quaint English with a quaint spelling. But his contemporaries were not attracted by the charm of an unaccustomed spelling or syntax; they read him for his mellow skepticism and his precious wisdom. And surely we ought to read Montaigne as his contemporaries read him. To me the Florio translation is a veil, its spellings a distraction. Montaigne is not to be patronized; he is not to be treated as if he held a merely antiquarian interest. "A classic," says Hubert Griffith, "is simply a work of such intense vitality that it is always modern." There could be no better definition of the quality of Montaigne. He is a modern of moderns. Time and again one finds him anticipating the educational ideas of Dewey and Russell, the psychoanalytic theories of Jung and Freud, the latest discussions of sexual morals—but never with the dreadful solemnity to which we have grown so accustomed. Some day our young Joyceans and Proustians will "discover" Montaigne.

When the Reader Writes

My dear Editor,

Allow me to congratulate you most heartily on the March number, one of the best you have ever sent out. I have been on your list for more than thirty years, and have a nearly complete file; I do not remember a number which contained more that is of vital importance. And through you may I congratulate S. T. on the magnificent series he has started.

Faithfully yours,
CLARK S. NORTHUP

Cornell University,
Ithaca, New York.

My dear Editor,

Like some theaters CENTURY seems to be running double features, for both J. A. Thomson and Edwin B. Frost make outstanding contributions. Neither scientist, however, seems to realize that the terms in which we understand natural phenomena are wholly mental—mere assumptions that our minds have made and in which we have learned to think. Therefore, if the subjects of their respective studies, from the infinitesimal, to the infinite, have any existence at all outside the mind, they may be something wholly different from the terms in which they are understood.

For example; the law of cause and effect, basic to the understanding of natural history, is purely a mental assumption—a mental instrumentality for carrying on thought. There may or may not be such a law. So also space, basis to the understanding of astronomy, is a mental term wholly relative or inseparable from the idea of time, which, in turn, is relative to the idea of motion. There can be only motion to a point and motion from a point. With no fixed point anywhere in the universe, motion with its relatives may be a delusion of the mind and "The Magnificent Universe" be something wholly different from what it seems in terms of motion, time, space.

Science is really not so much an effort to discover new truth as it is an attempt to interpret truth in the terms and symbols in which the human mind has learned to think. In my opinion, scientific articles would have a wider reading, if, instead of being put forth as positive facts they were published as merely the best explanation that could be given in the existing state of relative knowledge.

Four thousand years ago the Hindu sages taught: "That the origin of experience is explained from evolution, after the manner that pots and the like are made from clay; instruments and so forth, from iron; or sparks from fire; it is only a method of putting the matter to the learner; there is, in reality, no distinction whatever in the All, and Thou art That."

But the articles make good reading.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM ROY PETERSON

Saratoga, California.

My dear Editor,

Winifred Kirkland's article, "The Inescapable Galilean," in the CENTURY for March is an interesting discussion of one phase of the Christian concept. The vividness of her language and her very evident sincerity of tone make a fine appeal. May I venture to offer a comment of my own on another stage in the development of the persuasiveness of the Man of Galilee once he is really seen? It follows:

Man by the nature he himself has, recognizes and holds fast the *universal*, the *real* as it was *manifested* in Jesus. To as many as received him, to them "gave he power to become the sons of God." Gave—how? By reason of his ability to awaken in the mind of man an *awareness* of the essential unity of God's world and man's world as the living presence of Reality, of which the human being was the finished expression. He lived for the real and divine and enduring things because it was *his* nature to do so. Wherever man does this to-day—in ever so small or imperfect a measure—he does so because it is his nature thus to live; it is his inalienable heritage, the *universal* of which he is a part. If Jesus means anything more than an idea of him as a Presence outside one's life—however close to it this Presence may seem—I think it is this. He, himself, told his disciples that he was leaving them in order that the comforter which is the *Spirit of Truth* might come unto them. That is, perhaps, the most profound thing he ever said. It lifts all contemplation or realization of him to a plane of reality in which the physical plays no part.

Yours very truly,
MARY HUNTER

Chapel Hill, N. C.

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